

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly About People

An Illustrated American Monthly



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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Vol. LV

SEPTEMBER, 1926

New Series No. 1

Articles of Timely Interest

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THE ETERNAL DREAM OF SUMMER TIME



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



N August day in Washington with Congress not in session and the President away—is a dreary prospect. It is usually the “tearing up time” of the city—street car tracks and sewers and other terrestrial improvements occasion an upheaval of earth along many of the picturesque avenues. Connecticut Avenue is being widened and the stately trees so beloved by the residents and passers-by have fallen under the axe to make way for a broader business street and provide for the increasing tide of automobile travel. Nearly all the members of the Cabinet are away for the summer holiday. Secretary Kellogg was at the State Department, keeping in close touch with the situation in Europe and in Mexico. The diplomatic corps are scattered for a vacation period that extends well into the autumn. The cooling depths of the forests, and dense foliage of Rock Creek Park was the haven on a summer's eve. The lights of the motor cars lighted up the parks like fireflies. Secretary Work lives up to his name for he was hard at it in his shirt sleeves, passing upon matters pertaining to Alaska one minute, and the torrid Yuma in Arizona known as the hottest place in the United States, the next minute. A visit to the Weather Bureau did not offer even a psychological relief. On this day it was just one succession of hot waves. The Bureau of Standards has a cooling apparatus that drives out the air and actually cools the temperature several degrees within the walls, treated by the cooling draughts of SO₂, which is Sulphur dioxide, a gas that has made a thorough conquest of heat and which boils at the temperature of 15° below zero. About the only subject discussed in Washington in the summer time is the weather, first and last. Despite the torrid temperature, there was an unusual quota of bridal couples and tourists “seeing Washington” for the first time.

* * *

TWO months after Congress adjourned I was witnessing an appreciation of the splendid work achieved by the House of Representatives during the last session. Much credit has been given Speaker Longworth who is now enjoying a vacation in Europe, but in reading the extension remarks by the Republican Floor Leader, Hon. John Q. Tilson, published in the Congressional Record, July 16th, one has a more adequate appreciation of what the House of Representatives actually did accomplish. He makes a comprehensive survey of achievements including the reduction of the annual tax burden of three hundred and fifty millions and the relief of the thousands whose incomes are less than thirty-five hundred dollars annually; the funding of foreign debts; establishing methods in labor disputes; radio control; bankruptcy reform; agricultural aid; water rights changes; national parks; and the five-year building program for aviation; extension of World War

Veterans tax; and important farm legislation. It requires many pages to even give a list of the new statutes which will keep the lawyers seeking for statutory information busy for some time. The address is filled with tables and statistics that reflect an eloquent story for campaign purposes. At all events it has proven that John Q. Tilson has not devoted his long years of service



John Q. Tilson, Republican floor leader of the House of Representatives

night and day to legislative matters in Washington without knowing how to accomplish results. The same spirit that impelled him as a lad to walk from his birth state of North Carolina to New Haven, Connecticut to gain an education is reflected in his work of later years. Persistence and patience in mastering every intricate detail of all kinds and forms of legislation have gained for him

the respect and confidence of his colleagues. Connecticut has reason to be proud of her adopted son, a Congressman who has added to the laurels of legislative achievement accorded to Representatives of the State of the Charter Oak for many years past. The policy of good-natured effective team work promised when John Q. Tilson first sat on the swivel chair of the Majority Leader's room. Much of the campaign material that will be used in 1928 is predicated upon these day by day achievements of the party in power.

UNCLE SAM'S repair and rent bill runs well into the millions. They are putting a new roof on the White House costing half a million dollars. The center of the Capitol is to be expanded to fulfill the original architectural lines for few people realize that the Capitol has been built piece-meal, wing by wing, as it were. The Supreme Court which has occupied the old Senate Chamber

spite the vigorous precautions. All the world records are held by American aviators and yet commercial aviation in Europe is far in advance of that in America. The Post Office Department has done much to stimulate activity in air flights through the establishment of mail routes, but it is felt that a commensurate calculation has never been impressed upon Congress as to the necessity of more liberal appropriations.

A FEW bills that pass Congress and peacefully slumber in the Conference Room after passing both houses will persist in the coming session. One of them is the Macfadden Bill, which is regarded as vital in preserving and protecting American banking methods in contradistinction to that prevailing in foreign countries. Secretary Mellon enjoyed a vacation in France and Italy—even while the battle raged over debt settlements. It is more evident than ever that the United States is not



A group of
Seminole
Indians
on a recent
visit to
Washington



L. T. Macfadden, Representative from
Pennsylvania

for many years will have a building of its own. The Agricultural Department will be extended in the center of the wings which "Tama Jim" Wilson, while Secretary, had constructed with the conviction that some day they would have to build up the center "working both ends for the middle." The Department of Agriculture is kept busy looking after pests. Barberry hedges are slaughtered to prevent rust to wheat. Every tree and shrub seems to have its parasite or enemy and plant life has no prospect of an enduring feast and Nature continues in her course. Radio has further revolutionized farming, eliminating the isolation of pioneer days. The farmer is selling his grain now according to the markets and the rules for rotating crops. In all the departments, there are thousands of people who continue their work with investigation and research, decade after decade, with no other hope of reward but a slightly increased salary and a possible pension in old age. These real workers are on duty the year around save the brief respite allowed for illness and vacations and strange to say these two are reckoned on the same basis.

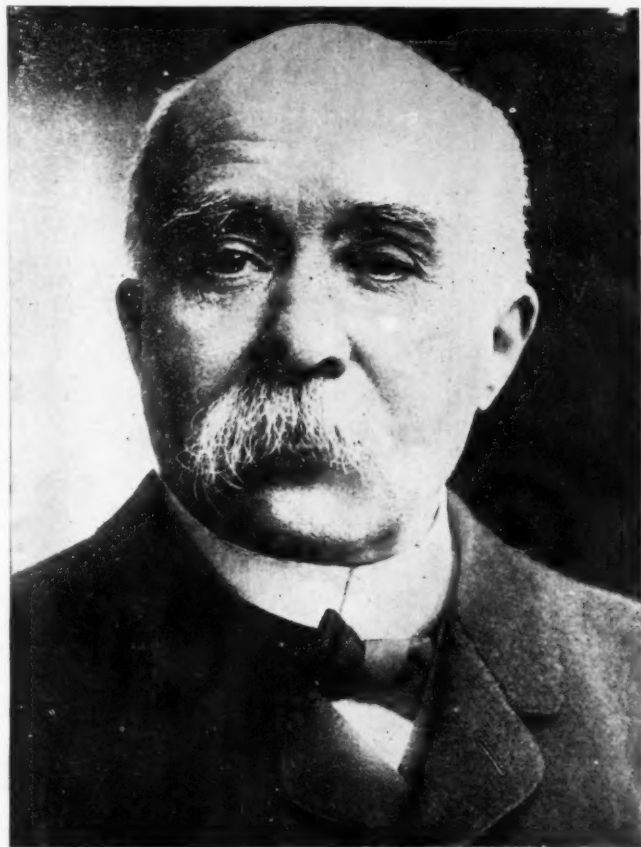
IN the Aircraft departments of both the Navy and Army, great preparations are being made for a lively year in aviation. The results of the Detroit Utility flight of twenty-six hundred miles were followed with keen interest. There is an air of fatalism among the stoics in the Aviation Department, for the casualties continue de-

likely to follow in the footsteps of foreign financial methods. During the vacation days, many of the members of Congress and the Senate have begun to see the necessity of making the Macfadden Bill a law before the financial situation abroad becomes complicated with the suggestions from foreign statesmen that we adopt their branch banking system as well as cancel the war debts.

AN asbestos lining to the political pot, which has already been set a-boiling for 1928 is discerned but even through this lining one can feel the hot temperature indicating that candidates are a'brewing. Like a sphinx in the Adirondacks, the President has not given any hint of intentions, nor could he do so consistently, if he desires to accomplish something during the latter part of his administration as a President rather than as a candidate. There is a well-defined organization of farmers and other followers in the west still supporting Frank O. Lowden of Illinois as a candidate for President. His refusal of the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1924 has served to stimulate the enthusiasm of his friends, who hope this time to secure the grand prize. The only fly in the ointment is the possible candidacy of Vice-President Charles G. Dawes, who is already pronounced a possibility. He has engendered some Senatorial hostility and opposition in certain quarters that will assist, rather than mar his candidacy. Consequently, Charles G. Dawes is a very positive possibility. Evidence accumulates that

William E. Borah, the able and aggressive Senator from Idaho is a real candidate. He may even be induced to head a third party as did LaFollette, but those who know him best, insist that Borah is a regular to his finger tips when it comes to the real test. This was proven in the Roosevelt campaign. Naturally, his friends feel that his ability and experience provide the qualifications for a president needed at this time to meet the complexities of the foreign situation. In Indiana the Hoosier Republican organizations which gave Senator James Watson a handsome majority at the primaries, are already casting about for a goodly number of votes for their favorite sons. The fact that Secretary Hoover is counted one of the close advisers of President Coolidge, and that he was said to be the administration's choice for the vice-presidency at the time of the crisis when Lowden refused, has made some of his friends feel that Herbert Hoover is the choice of President Coolidge as his successor. Ever since Nicholas Longworth was promoted to the speakership, he has a contingent of supporters from all over the country, who insist that Ohio will come to the front in 1928 with a winning candidate. Senator Wadsworth may have the vote of New York, providing he is re-elected as Senator

vigorously groomed by the delegation who stood from first to last in the Madison Square Convention for their candidate, almost equalling the record of "Twenty-eight votes for Oscar Underwood." Reports from Ohio indicate that Atlee Pomerene is staking his presidential fortune on the result of his contest for Senatorial honors. He is combating Senator Willis, who nominated Harding and is wet enough to suit some of the Northern Democrats, and dry enough to hold the solid south in line.



Georges Clemenceau, the "Tiger of France"

this fall. There are other Republican candidates who, like Barkus, are willing, but are keeping their plans under cover until the "line-up" is formed.

* * *

AS to the Democratic nominees, there is a lively interest centering on the lines of the old Smith McAdoo feud. There is no doubt as to Governor Smith's candidacy, for the Tammany scouts have already been out in the field making the survey. The McAdoo cohorts are lying low, awaiting their chance, feeling sure that the solid South will never agree upon Governor Smith as a candidate, even if a majority vote prevails and the two-thirds rule is revoked. In Maryland, my Maryland, Governor Richey is the genteel wet candidate, and is being



Hon. Hubert Work, Secretary of the Interior

Then there is Senator Joe Robinson of Arkansas, possessing the real qualities of a candidate, but he hails from the wrong section. Virginia, the Mother of Presidents, feels that she has a favorite son in Carter Glass that will impress the delegates. There are other candidates in the making, who will be presented to the Democratic National Convention. The high hope of the Democrats is to transfer the schism in their own ranks to that of the Republicans and play hard for the farmer vote and neutralize the effect of the prohibition issue as a paramount feature of the campaign in the south and utilize it to advantage in wet states.

* * *

AT the age of four score and seven, Clemenceau, the war lord and Tiger of France has proven that he has not lost his fighting teeth. He has sent a letter to President Coolidge which seems like an echo of a World War sensation come to life, and yet, it did not seem like the Clemenceau that I met during those darkest days of the war when he pleaded so earnestly for American money to save France. It did not seem like the Clemenceau, great in the glory of that crisis, who bowed his head as if in prayer and paid the tribute to his first wife, an American girl. It did not seem like Clemenceau, gloved and prim, visiting the United States after the World War, scattering his compliments so freely from the early morn breakfast with onion soup, to the last bit of cheese munched at night. It is more like impetuous Clemenceau the journalist, who has long set Paris by the ears, because he was able to write and say the unexpected and, at least, give the impression of a tigerish impulse and deal blows with his vitriolic pen, right and left, without fear or favor. It is nothing short of pathetic, that in his later days, this grand old man of France, who had won the love and esteem of his country and Americans, should indulge himself in an outburst that scarcely suggests diplomacy. The letter is a classic satire and worth preserving in the archives of the country. The President has not replied or made any statement up to this time—not even nodding his head. It is one of those letters that may as well be left unanswered and be allowed an honored place in the drawer where Time will soften the asperities of temper.

WORK has already begun on the National Press Building with the construction ahead of schedule. The building was a destructive permission granted by special act of Congress. John Hays Hammond, the intrepid leader in the South African adventures and an international mining engineer is president of the building



John Hays Hammond

corporation. A view of the foundation with steam shovels actively at work made it seem like a portion of the Panama Canal in the making. The corner stone was laid by President Coolidge in April, in the presence of the editors attending the Pan-American Journalistic Conference. The location at Fourteenth and F Street is counted one of the most central in Washington. It is the largest structure in the capital city, and only exceeded in size by the State, War, Navy and Treasury and Department of the Interior Buildings, and represents an investment of eleven millions.

* * *

ANOTHER questionnaire has been sent out to Congressmen and Senators in the quietude of the days at home inquiring as to what they read, who are their favorite authors and naming their choice as to the great American novel. It is evidently a survey made by an ambitious novelist who is desirous of writing a great American novel and has started with a survey of the Congressional mind. Some who had received this inquiry rather surprised me and insisted that John Galsworthy was the greatest living novelist and I immediately agreed.

While the opinion is not unanimous that "The Silver Spoon" is a great novel, it is an integral part of the most comprehensive study of one family, reflecting the subtle distinctions in the generations that have come and gone since the glorious Victorian age. The Forsyth family have already become famous in literature, and this is only the beginning of John Galsworthy's best work. There was also a lively interest manifested in Bernard Shaw, who, at the age of seventy, has mellowed his sarcasm that has been a model for Congressional repartee ever since the days of John J. Ingalls. While Galsworthy continues busy rehearsing his plays and making his notations of the passing procession, George Bernard Shaw admits that he is the cleverest man of his age. In this he does himself an injustice. Shaw is more than a clever man, he is a genius who has understood the retroactive mind and can invoke controversy by assertions unexpectedly and positively contrary to the trite. He has proven that modesty of the shrinking kind may, after all, be only egotism turned wrong side out or wrong side in as the case might be. These authors have been able to reveal to the average



John Galsworthy, the well-known novelist

human being just what he is, and no race, color or previous servitude is exempt from the incisive introspection of these two Englishmen whose work long ago transcended the boundary lines of their native land.

* * *

THERE is a thrill in the thought that when I last clasped the hand of Robert T. Lincoln, a year ago, I was touching the very flesh and blood of Abraham Lin-

coln. The passing of Robert Todd Lincoln removes the last male descendant of Abraham Lincoln. While his career was far from spectacular, it was altogether one worthy of the name of Lincoln. He was born in Springfield, Illinois in 1843 and was the pride of a devoted father during those days when the great fame of Lincoln was in the making. Abraham Lincoln made his trip East to deliver the famous Cooper Union address because he wanted to see his son at sixteen, entered in the old Exeter Academy. He felt that he wanted his boy to enjoy the advantages of a college education which had been denied him.

The lad fulfilled his father's fondest hopes and graduated from Harvard, after which he entered the Union Army and became a member of General Grant's staff. He was, in fact, the last living survivor of those who were present at Appomatox. After the Civil War he began the practice of law in Chicago and was appointed Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Garfield, which he continued under the administration of President Arthur. During the eventful Republican National Convention in 1884, his name was prominently mentioned as a candidate for the presidency, but he insistently refused to oppose his chief, President Arthur, in the convention. On the walls of the old Embassy in London, is a picture of Robert T. Lincoln inscribed, "The Last Minister of America to Great Britain."

In 1889, Robert T. Lincoln was appointed to the Court of St. James in London and, at that time, the minister was raised to the rank of Ambassador, so that the inscription was literally true. Returning to the United States he became counsel for the Pullman Company and succeeded George M. Pullman as President and was a Chairman of the Board and a Director until within a few years of his death. He died at Hildane, his country estate in the shadow of the Equinox Mountain at Manchester, Vermont. He had an observatory here for he was an expert astronomer. He lived to the ripe age of "four score and three years" to use the phraseology of his father's Gettysburg Speech. He lived to look upon the Lincoln monument on the banks of the Potomac, a classic memorial and fitting companion of the Washington monument. He had the gray eyes and large nose of his father, talked very rapidly and did love his joke and bit of humor. His invaluable collection of Lincoln letters, he has given to the public to be opened twenty years after his death.

The surviving daughters are Mrs. F. E. Johnson of Washington and Mrs. Charles Isham of New York, whose son, Lincoln Isham, bears the name of his famous great grandfather. The other two grand-children, Mary Lincoln Beckwith and Robert Todd Beckwith, are the children of Mrs. Johnson, who also bear the given names of grandfather and great grandfather—lineal descendants of Abraham Lincoln. The latter were at his summer home when he passed away—his companions in the last days. He first visited the Vermont village where he lived so many years and died, in 1863 and was so impressed with it that in 1902 he returned and bought seventeen hundred acres of mountain and valley land where he lived in retirement during many summers and where he passed from mortal life as he would have desired.

The letters that Lincoln received will throw a new light on many of the incidents that are now only known through the letters that the great emancipator wrote, but who can tell of the arrows, the vitriol and the bitterness that was poured into the epistles attacking the war president during those days when his great heart and soul was concentrated on one great ideal that "this nation shall not perish from the face of the earth" and that the union must and shall be preserved.

After his retirement, Robert T. Lincoln, the living son of the great Emancipator shunned publicity but kept in close touch with current events. He is survived by his wife, who is a daughter of Senator Harlan of Iowa and daughters and several grandchildren. His home was a veritable treasure trove of letters, books and trophies as-

sociated with the life of his illustrious father. A kindly, noble soul, imbued with the spirit of humanity and justice, the mortal remains of Robert Todd Lincoln, the eldest son, were laid to rest by the side of his illustrious father and devoted mother, in the tomb at Springfield, which will ever remain, a world shrine.



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The late Robert Todd Lincoln

NOW and then the affairs of state and responsibilities of government will pause when "Johnson," never too much Johnson, the Washington favorite, makes a home run or achieves something spectacular on the diamond. The crowds now throng about the street radio with their ears cocked even more intent on following the wake of the wizard base-ball as were eyes watching the score-boards. There is something in the tale as told by the announcer that makes the auditors feel as if they were seeing the game with their ear. As one wag commented who was crowded to the opposite curb: "If this thing keeps up we will have long ears or bring our funnels to hear the news of the ball game."

King Albert's Contact *with* Business Men

Memories of the International Chamber of Commerce Meeting in Brussels—Address of President Booth and the business meetings held amid palatial surroundings representing the gems of the age

AT the meeting of the United States Chamber of Commerce in Washington, there were active memories of their convention last year. The association met in their own building, in Washington, not far from the White House. The addresses reflected sentiment from all parts of the country. Congressman O'Leary has closed a notable administration—he travelled far afield and visited Chambers of Commerce in all parts of the country. The sessions indicated that the business men of the United States are wide awake in meeting and solving problems, discovering, after all, that the problem of one special city is the problem of another in these days when the country is drawn closer together by good roads and developed transportation.

The work of the International Chamber of Commerce now engages the attention of not only business men and statesmen, but of kings and the counsellors of kings. A review of the last session held in Europe predicts an international convention of far-reaching importance in the United States.

Among the different groups there was the first query: "Where are you from?" Then they began talking the virtues of their states, cities and counties. One ambitious town in Wisconsin said: "Look out, Warsaw's coming!" "Houston is here!"

Among the groups were many who had attended the International Congress last year in Brussels, and they could not resist relating incidents and showing photographs taken and souvenirs of that auspicious event.

The Third Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce in Brussels during 1925, opened in a blaze of activity, and from the moment the gavel of the presiding officer rapped for silence at the opening session, until the last weary pilgrim, returning from Antwerp, where he had viewed the scenes of the War and taken in the many delightful sights about the picturesque little Belgian city, had clambered aboard the home-bound train at the Gare du Nord, there was not a moment of inactivity. There was a glow of purpose—an air of seriousness to the entire affair that brought immediately the realization that international comity—at least so far as business is concerned—is not a mere mouth-filling phrase. With the International Chamber of Commerce, it is a contemporary fact.

The programme was exhaustive, going to the very fundamentals of all business, and yet it was diversified. "All work and no play," the directors realized, "makes Jack a dull boy," and a good business man can-

not afford to be dull. The meeting of the Council was under the chairmanship of Willis H. Booth, an American vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, widely known for his activities

over the vice-presidency of the Hotpoint Electric Heating Company of Los Angeles. He is now chairman of the Edison Electric Appliance Company, and vice-president of the Security Trust and Savings Bank of Los Angeles.

* * *

The first session in Brussels took place on Sunday morning, in the Grande Salle of the Palais des Academies, with Albert, King of the Belgians, in attendance and M. Maurice Despret, chairman of the Congress, presiding.

The opening speech of President Willis Booth was one not likely soon to be forgotten. Every word struck a sympathetic cord in the hearts of his listeners, and the response was overwhelming and unanimous. He paid a touching tribute to the little nation which had so bravely borne the brunt of the fighting during the Great War. In glowing colors he depicted the bountiful dividends of international goodwill, and pointed the way to their attainment.

"Belgium," he asserted, "is a land famous alike for the bravery and the industry of its people; so it is not without emotion that we are gathered today in these beautiful surroundings as the guests of Your Majesty and our gallant Belgian friends, to open the Congress of the International Chamber. The International Chamber was brought into being to supply a definite need and its growth is the result of the value of its work. We have gathered information, nowhere else available, we have studied the outstanding economic problems and put forward practical suggestions for their solution; we have increased international understanding and sympathy, thereby promoting that rational co-operation among nations which is the sole basis of a lasting peace.

"Conditions of labor, safety of private property, problems of education, the advancement of culture, the entire development of the people of every country are measured each day in its commercial operations. The progress of a nation and the increment of its wealth are dependent upon the natural increase and the proper division of the wealth of its individual citizens. For these reasons this vast army of commercial organizations, which are in the main gathered together in the International Chamber of Commerce, has viewed each problem involved in its relation to the well-being of the entire citizenship of every country.

"At the instigation of our organization," he continued, "the United States included in its last revenue act a provision granting tax exemption on the earnings of foreign



Albert, King of the Belgians, attending first session of the International Chamber of Commerce

both in connection with the banking field and the field of international commerce affairs. Born in Winnemucca, Nevada, the state which supplies so much of our silver, it seemed natural that he should have taken to the banking profession. Educated in the public schools, he graduated from the University of California. Entering business, he became treasurer of the L. Booth and Sons Machine Shop, subsequently taking

Continued on page 36

William Fortune, Citizen of the U.S.A.

The well-earned and well-deserved title given the distinguished resident of Indiana when presented to his colleagues of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States

By W. H. BOOK

THE nation's greatest gathering of Chamber of Commerce of the United business men—the convention of the States—was in session at Washington last spring. It was turning its thoughts toward the problem of reducing local and state government expenditure. William Fortune, of Indianapolis, was called on for the principal speech on the subject, and in it he submitted a program, practicable and workable, that even now is being modeled after in many cities and states of the nation. Simple, yet effective, it points the way toward local and state retrenchment to match the tax savings already obtained in the federal government. The U. S. Chamber, through its hundreds of constituent local members, is launched upon the undertaking, along the lines laid down in the Fortune speech.

When Mr. Fortune was presented for the speech, he was introduced simply as William Fortune, citizen of the United States.

"Citizen," says Webster, implies the utmost loyalty to one's country, while affording the privileges and liberties of freemen.

The United States has its hundred of millions, who count themselves as citizens. Yet how few of these give the loyalty of their steadfast, earnest, unselfish service, while they loudly claim all the privileges and freedom that their country affords!

The true citizen gives as freely as he takes from his country. And so that title appended to the name of William Fortune, is his by all right and justice. Few men have given so much of unselfish and effective service for the progress of a city, a state and a nation. At thirty-five, he had accomplished so much for the betterment of his home city, Indianapolis, that leaders of the city, with Benjamin Harrison, a former President, at their head, presented to him a loving cup "in recognition of his services in promoting the general welfare of the city."

That was scarcely the beginning. For nearly thirty years since that night, memorable to Indianapolis, he has carried on. His good work has increased with each passing year, his influence for good has spread beyond the limits of a fast-growing city of the fast-growing Middle West.

The best part of this story, however, is this: His fellow men appreciate him, even while he yet lives and works for them. Last July 1 witnessed a gathering of men and women to pay him great honor for his leadership. The President of the United States and many others of national renown joined in the ceremony of praise.

But let us set his life story down in order, chronologically.

William Fortune was a boy of the average. He lived the usual early life of the

boys of southern Indiana, where he was born and reared; yet he stepped from the

commonplace things of small and average life, until he towers high above the humble beginning. He learned how to work. His industry has been a marvel to those who have stood on the side lines, and it is in-



© Harris & Ewing

William Fortune, "Citizen of the United States"

dustry very apparently learned in early days. At thirteen years of age, he was apprenticed to a print shop in his home town of Boonville. The owner and editor of the small paper published in the shop gave him his opportunity to write. Before he was sixteen, he was doing much of the editorial work of the little paper, and when he was seventeen he had written and published a history of his county. About that time he had the good fortune to be called on to accompany General James C. Veatch on a trip through the nearby neighborhood associated with Abraham Lincoln during the Lincoln family's residence in Indiana. Together the two undertook to ascertain the true circumstances about the Lincolns in Indiana. The old men and women of the neighborhood who knew the Lincoln family were interviewed in great detail, and Mr. Fortune today still has his prized notes of those interviews.

In Indiana, as perhaps in other mid-western states, the young newspaperman, having climbed to the top of the ladder of his small town newspaper, always turns his eye toward the state capital, home of a metropolitan press. Mr. Fortune was no exception. At nineteen, he had found his way to Indianapolis, and a position on the reporting staff of the old *Indianapolis Journal*. Ability and industry rapidly won the promotion of which he had dreamed. In less than two years he was "covering" the important session of an Indiana legislature, and his work on that "beat" for his paper, was so effective and dramatic as to arouse the ire of the "opposition" senators until they sought to expel him from the senate. A tie vote enabled the Lieutenant-Governor to cast the vote in his favor. In a short time he succeeded Harry S. New, now postmaster-general, as city editor of the *Journal*. Other journalistic experiences followed, and in them were developed this man's passion for civic betterment and his capacity for civic leadership. They were developed so rapidly that it was only a few years until he was called to lead in the programs of civic reform he had so ably advocated.

It was just about this time that Indianapolis began to take rank as a city. The programs of civic improvement sponsored and led by this man doubtless were the motivating influence back of this new era of modernity for Indianapolis.

Bound by ultra-conservatism, Indianapolis was about to lose out in the onward march of American cities. A series of editorials by Mr. Fortune gave birth to the movement for expansion. He sought to use the Board of Trade as the vehicle for the movement. It declined to assume the leadership. Disdaining further delay, Mr. Fortune assembled some of the active younger business men of the city and outlined his plan, proposing the establishment of a Commercial Club to lead in such a program as he had advocated. The club was promptly formed. It forced the secretaryship, which, of course, amounted to being the executive office, upon Mr. Fortune. In his characteristic aggressive way, Mr. Fortune assumed charge, and a month later the new club, with a membership of more than one thousand, was well along on its

program. Eventually Mr. Fortune was made the president, and he served several terms in that office. In the decade of his service and leadership in that organization, it brought this big country town out of its sleep, gave it a new perspective and led the way toward rapid, yet judicious growth.

While in this work, he was active in all civic matters. He had charge of the national paving exposition at Indianapolis in 1890, the first of its kind ever held. Of such value was it to Indianapolis, that in the next year he organized a systematic effort for bringing large conventions to Indianapolis, and that movement has carried along all these years since with the stimulus Mr. Fortune then gave it, until Indianapolis is one of the few real convention cities of the nation. A good roads movement started by Mr. Fortune led to the formation of the Indiana Highway Association. Mr. Fortune later took a prominent part in the good roads congress at the World's Fair in 1893. In that year, he was placed in charge of the task of arranging and conducting in Indianapolis the greatest national encampment in the history of the G. A. R. His bent for economical administration was so well displayed there, that he turned back to the city \$42,000 of its \$75,000 appropriation, and to the Commercial Club \$12,000 of the fund.

In the year following the panic of '93, he was made a member of a committee of three that administered relief to over 5,000 unemployed throughout the winter of 1894 so successfully as to cause the "Indianapolis plan" used by the committee to attain world-wide fame.

During his service in the Indianapolis Commercial Club, he originated a state association of such clubs known as the State Board of Commerce, and he served as its president for three years. This organization was led by Mr. Fortune through a campaign for local government reform that carried these reforms to enactment through the legislature. Official statistics show that in the first year of their operation they effected savings totaling \$3,000,000 and this has continued since.

One of the heroic incidents of this city's recent history is the successful fight that was waged for track elevation. The city was long retarded by the fact that railroad tracks passed through its very center at surface level. The railroad traffic was heavy, and not only were lives endangered, but parts of the city were almost isolated. The movement for elevation sprung up in 1894. Mr. Fortune had made such a mark for himself by this time, that he was called to the secretaryship. In 1898, he was placed at the head of the movement, serving as chairman of a commission that represented many thousands of citizen supporters of the movement. He infused new life into the campaign. Almost at once, the city found itself the battleground of contending forces, with the people on the one side, fighting for elevation of the tracks, and the railroad interests on the other side in opposition. Every possible method was brought into play to defeat the movement. The intricacies of politics compelled many who might have given active support, to combat the movement, some of

them covertly and others openly. Track elevation soon became the outstanding issue of political campaigns. The first task of the commission was to organize the public sentiment for track elevation, effectively. This was done. Then came the campaign for needed legislation both from state and city governments, and even when that was won there was long and bitterly fought litigation. Mr. Fortune stayed at the helm, even when the opposition sought to vilify the movement as "Fortune's Fad." He did not lose courage, even when the opposition sought to win over some whom he had counted upon for needed support.

It was a long battle. At times, when it seemed to have been lost, the opposition would breathe a sigh of relief, only to discover in the next breath that this man Fortune had not yet been beaten, that he had renewed the fight as gamely as ever. Of course, such a fight could not but be successful. At length the last opposition was defeated. Today downtown Indianapolis is free of grade crossings, and track elevation is being pushed toward the outer limits of the city. Mr. Fortune was held to the chairmanship of the commission for eighteen years, and two years after he had given up the chairmanship, there came another critical development which again called him into the battle. Once more he made the moves that were effective in continuing the track elevation work that then had been begun.

In 1911, Mr. Fortune represented his city and state in a tour of Europe studying municipal and commercial conditions. A close friend of the Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, he visited Mexico with Riley in 1906. Ten years later he was chairman of all arrangements for the famous Riley birthday dinner, when prominent men from far and near came to pay tribute to the poet on what proved to be his last birthday before his death.

In 1916 came the certain warning of war. Indianapolis was called on to organize a chapter of the American Red Cross. Leaders in the movement thrust the helm into Mr. Fortune's hands. Almost at once the chapter had important work to do. First came the sending of American troops to the Mexican border, and the home service that must be provided by a Red Cross chapter. Early in the spring of 1917, two devastating tornadoes struck Indiana cities, and the Indianapolis chapter took the lead in administering relief and in raising money for relief. At about the same time, America entered the World War. Then began days and weeks of carefully planned activity. Home forces were organized, and steps were begun for raising relief funds. A campaign for the relief fund was soon under way. At a dinner, opening the campaign, \$200,000 was raised and the Indianapolis chapter voluntarily increased its quota from \$300,000 and actually raised \$500,000.

After the war had progressed several months, Mr. Fortune began to see that there was duplication of effort and lack of harmony in the raising of war funds in his community that prevented full efficiency among the folks back home. He early saw the need for combining the money raising

efforts. Giving the situation serious study, as he always does whenever faced by difficulty, he evolved a plan of united action for Indianapolis, using the good points of similar efforts just being started in other cities. Calling together representatives of the commercial, industrial and civic organizations, he broached his plan. It was received with whole-hearted support. Once more his fellow-citizens recognized in him the logical leader. He was commanded by them to accept the burden of the chairmanship. Almost absolute authority for working out the organization was vested in him. In a few days the Indianapolis War Chest had been established. Just three weeks from the time of the first meeting, the new War Chest had under way a campaign for \$3,000,000. In that week, the goal was surpassed, more than 103,000 persons subscribing.

Prior to the organization of the War Chest, Mr. Fortune had been called to the leadership of the re-vitalized Commercial Club, now to be known as the Chamber of Commerce. As the head of that organization, he directed the city's activities along industrial and commercial lines in ways well-designed to help the nation win the war.

In fact, the closing victorious months of the war, found almost all war activities leadership in Indianapolis, except that connected with the sale of government war securities, concentrated in this one man.

The Red Cross chapter under his leadership performed vast services in caring for soldiers and their dependent families. Mr. Fortune has continued at the head of the chapter. It was the occasion of his tenth anniversary as head of the chapter that called forth the testimonial dinner from the citizens of Indianapolis July 1. And about that dinner—it was another milestone in the city's history. It has set service, such as Mr. Fortune has given, upon a pedestal, where others may see that it does bring the reward of civic appreciation, and where others may gain the inspiration for such effort.

President Coolidge, writing a letter to be read at the dinner, said of Mr. Fortune's service: "Such examples cannot but inspire others to similar interest in public welfare."

John W. O'Leary, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, in a letter said:

"Within every generation there stand out a few men who can be called 'citizen,' with all that the word implies. In William Fortune, who has through his service to the public, earned the most universal respect of his fellow-men, we have a citizen who walks at the front of those who are giving

of their time and ability to the American public. His record should serve as a stimulus to public service on the part of business men everywhere."

At a banquet during the last U. S. Chamber of Commerce convention, many notables were seated at the tables, and Mr. O'Leary was presiding, introducing each one. There were senators, cabinet ministers, heads of great industrial and commercial organizations, and each was introduced by his high sounding title. Yet, coming to Mr. Fortune, Mr. O'Leary preferred to introduce him simply as "William Fortune, Citizen," and the simple introduction had profound effect. The same tribute pervaded the letter of Mr. O'Leary sent to Indianapolis citizens for the Fortune dinner.

At this dinner, the Red Cross chapter presented a medal with appropriate inscription engraved. High tribute was paid by men and women of all groups to Mr. Fortune for his successful leadership not only in Red Cross work, but in many other times of civic stress. It was pointed out that he has served his local Chamber of Commerce recently as chairman of its civic affairs department, taking the lead in a well-planned program for tax reduction, which gave him full right to present the problem and its solution before the national body.

Mr. Fortune is still carrying on. His fellow citizens in time of need have turned to him again for leadership. There is under way a movement in Indiana, now spreading into other states of the old Northwest Territory, for celebrating appropriately the 150th anniversary of the conquest of this territory by George Rogers Clark, the event occurring in 1928 and 1929. The mid-westerners hope to make not only other regions of their nation, but all their own home folks, as well, realize that in the Clark campaign, there lies the most important and dramatic event of the Revolutionary War, outside of the final Revolutionary victory, itself. Clark, with a small band of pioneers and a forlorn hope, penetrated the lands north of the Ohio river, held by the British and their Indian allies. He captured British posts by stratagem and great bravery, and he won over their Indian allies by plain-speaking and not by bribery. When the war ended and the treaty was drawn up in Paris, the Clark victory, say historians, was a most important circumstance in causing the new nation's northern boundary to be made the Great Lakes and not the Ohio river. If we had been bound below the Ohio river, there never would have existed the incentive toward western expansion, they say. The nation has done little to keep the memory of this stirring expedition and its brave

leader fresh. Indianians are determined that the nation's debt of gratitude shall be paid in full. Casting about for a leader in the movement, who, of course, should be thought of but Mr. Fortune? He was prevailed upon to accept the chairmanship, and now, after a few brief months, the Middle West is (and soon the whole country will be) hearing of the ambitious plans for celebrating the George Rogers Clark Sesqui-centennial.

At the Red Cross dinner, speakers stressed the fact that Mr. Fortune's whole life-time of civic service has been voluntary. On that point most emphasis was placed, and rightfully. Indianapolis looks back now on more than forty years of his unflinching, unselfish effort for the betterment of his city and his nation. He has worked for his own love of his fellowmen. His efforts have won their love for him. He has large private business, of course, to occupy his attention. Yet he has found the time and the energy for public service that other and ordinary men require in efforts for themselves, alone, whenever Indianapolis and Indiana had a big civic task to be done.

William Herschell, poet of *The Indianapolis News* and believed by many to be the proper Hoosier successor to Riley, contributed a bit of verse about Mr. Fortune for that Red Cross dinner. It is expressive of the sentiment of other Indianapolis men and women toward Mr. Fortune. The poem runs like this:

"WHAT'S WILL FORTUNE DOING NOW?"

Comes a problem, great and trying,
Stirring city, nation, state;
For an Atlas we stand crying—
One to bear this burden great!
Grave committees sit perspiring,
They must solve the thing somehow;
Then you hear a voice inquiring:
"What's Will Fortune doing now?"

Faces find new glow instant,
Trouble rushes out the door,
Now they drink from Joy's decanter—
Gloom's cup it had been before.
What had seemed a problem tragic,
Furrowing each Hoosier brow,
Changes, with that song all magic:
"What's Will Fortune doing now?"

Fortune! Name that God intended
Mean just what the name implies;
Synonym of men befriended,
Anonym of darkened skies.
Why, when we need help in Glory,
As to Judgment Day we bow;
It will be that same old story:
"What's Will Fortune doing now?"

Such a life of great leadership! Surely, no man, laying down the tasks of life, will ever more deserve to hear the "well done, thou good and faithful servant," and as he has been servant to his fellow-men, so has he been the leader of them all.



"Abie's Irish Rose"—A Long-lived Comedy

The struggles of Anne Nichols, the Georgia girl, in winning recognition for a play that has been a notable and popular success—A talk with the author concerning the production and evolution of this comedy

NOT so many years ago, when Anne Nichols was a little girl playing in the shady spots of her home town, Dale's Mill, Georgia, she had dreams and ambitions of the day when she would write a play that would be a success in the great white way of America's foremost metropolis—New York City.

Today that dream and ambition have come true, and not only has Anne Nichols witnessed the successful run of her production in New York City for more than four years, but she has seen this same show establish for itself records in Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, Montreal, and throughout the United States. At the end of 1924, aside from the fame and honor that the author had received from her production, she was the recipient of more than five million dollars—her part in the financial returns of the overwhelming success.

"Abie's Irish Rose" is the name of the play—a comedy out of which the author made so much money and acquired such fame, and from which millions of Americans have had so many nights of genuine pleasure and amusement. Strangely, when this production was first offered to the great theatre-going public, it seemed that it was doomed to failure. Its reception in New York was first altogether apathetic and then warmly enthusiastic.

It was about four years ago at the tag end of the theatrical season in New York City that a play, unheralded in spite of the fact that it had had a successful run on the Pacific coast, opened in the Eastern metropolis. Though it was a comedy, its first night was the opposite—one of gloom. The manager of the theatre predicted that the thing wouldn't last the usual two weeks. Critics unmercifully panned the show, some even going so far as to say that it was unfortunate that the production was not divided into more than three acts so there would be more than two intermissions and chances for exit.

The two weeks during which time it was to have died, had predictions come true, passed; and at the end of that period "Abie's Irish Rose" was still running. Six weeks passed and the production moved to another theatre. One hundred and fifty-six weeks have passed at this writing, and not only has "Abie" upset the dope of the wiseacres, but it has established a new turn in theatrical history. At a time when practically everyone had about concluded that the territory outside New York and a few of the larger cities was no longer profitable for touring companies, except, of course, the unusual shows, "Abie's Irish Rose" has not only played to record business with several companies, but it has played longer

By JOHN E. DREWRY

engagements in these towns than had ever been attempted, even before the radio and the "movies" were supposed to have put the countryside on a par in amusements with the larger cities and in so doing to have ended the touring company's chance of gain.

Miss Nichols lived in Georgia until she was ten years old. She was, so she says, brought up an orthodox, hide-bound Protestant. In Dale's Mill, there was a Jewish family and a Catholic family. She played with the children of both. Some of her relatives held a prejudice she could never understand.

"Abie's Irish Rose" is the story of an Irish girl and a Jewish boy. It pokes fun



Miss Anne Nichols

At just a little above thirty—who cares to tell a lady's exact age?—a Georgia girl is the talk of Broadway. There's no reason when one comes to think of it, for placing too narrow limits upon her fame; she is the talk of the entire show world.

Curious enough, the southern strain has influenced Miss Nichols' path to fame. It was in the little Georgia town of Dale's Mill that she first became interested in the theme of the play. And it was a Georgia man who gave her her first job as a chorus girl.

at intolerance; it takes the sting from back-biting and prejudice, and makes people of all creeds—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish—laugh at their own little prejudices. The "meat" of the comedy is a conversation between a Jewish rabbi and a Catholic priest. They recall the war days, when the rabbi ministered to a dying Catholic boy; when the priest gave the last sacrament to a Jewish boy. It is not heavy discussion of tolerance. It is bound up in human qualities and human failings.

At sixteen, she had ambitions to be an

Germany "Coming Back" Strong

Within a few months the securities and money sequestered during the war is coming back freely helping out the industrial situation

FEW men have made a closer and more intimate study of foreign trade than Thomas W. Pelham of the Gillette Safety Razor Co. During the last ten months Mr. Pelham has made three trips to Europe for the purpose of studying conditions there, and on each trip he has had the good fortune to witness a marvelous come-back—a "come-back" in the sense in which the expression has come to be used since the War.

In Germany, during January and February of this year, when Mr. Pelham was touring the country observing the trend of affairs, the situation was most discouraging. There was no money and very little prospect of industrial improvement. The foreign trade had all but collapsed.

"Since then," Mr. Pelham declares, "Germany has staged the most wonderful come-back in all Europe. The up-hill development has been especially marked during the last six months. From the despair and clouds of January, the nation has leaped to a forward position, according to the reports in June. Now Germany is even loaning money in London and New York has made a heavy gain on her commerce, and has gained for herself a strong foothold in production.

"Domestic business has revived and the country has been selling to Russia, the Balkan states and South America very heavily. The change in the financial situation—the letting up, or easement, I think, is largely due to the fact that thousands of Germans who left the country with their money and securities are now returning to their native land.

"Throughout the new Germany untold millions of dollars seem to be springing up, like 'the rocks of Camaralzaman,' as if by magic, pouring into the industrial hopper. For this fact the political situation also deserves some measure of credit. A year ago this time the average Prussian or Junker was a Royalist. Today he is a Republican to his finger tips. He frowns upon monarchy, despises the Hohenzollerns, and utterly detests and abhors military rule.

"Two reigning princes, as a matter of fact, grand dukes of the old regime, chatting with some of my American friends over cocktails of historic and blissful memory, declared that they considered the royalty business to be a matter of the past in Germany.

"'After the War,' declared one of these dashing, though somewhat sobered noblemen, 'we were dazed, and we are only just beginning to wake up. The younger generation, however, with less to reconcile

themselves to in the change, have long since come out of their reverie, and our young men are now realizing that the future of Germany lies in adapting its government to the modern needs and necessities reflected in a Republican form of government.'

"This almost revolutionary change," asserts Mr. Pelham "has been reflected in the matter of real estate values which are



Thomas W. Pelham

today climbing up in approximately the same ratio in which they declined just after the War.

"The statement by one of Germany's most eminent political leaders, to the effect that the Nation had determined to pay every cent of its War debts as agreed under the formulated Dawes plan, has had a steadying influence upon conditions—a fact which has resulted in a revival in construction, both of homes and of business places. There is today hardly a home or a factory which is idle or unoccupied.

"In Vienna, the revival or come-back has been more than surprising—it has been absolutely startling. Once a capital in which diplomatic intrigues and the social graces were practiced with all the assiduity with which they are now practiced elsewhere, sometimes Elysian Field of literature, art and the sciences—of which leisure was once jokingly said to be the most advanced—Vienna has now become the com-

mercial metropolis of Southeastern Europe. There is not now a vacant store, house or factory anywhere in the city. From a capital of fashion it has changed to a center of production; from a political and diplomatic center it has evolved into a lively commercial metropolis."

Greece, according to Mr. Pelham, is also numbered among the nations which have staged successful come-backs since the War. Here the stabilization was accomplished—or, more correctly, perhaps, aided and abetted by the return to Greece of some two hundred thousand native citizens, many of them rich and independent, who were banished from Armenia and Turkey during the period just preceding the massacres. They have now returned home to participate in the rehabilitation of their native land.

In Poland, on the contrary, the political situation remains unsettled and unchanged. Roumania is passing through a period of depression, but Italia has registered the first and most marvelous come-back of any of the countries of Europe under the iron-handed rule of Mussolini. Construction there is going on continuously—new buildings, stores, homes, and even new cities are springing up almost over-night. It is the "boom time" that has been gathering for centuries past. The hum of industry may be heard throughout the length and breadth of the country, and in general, the people are contented and prosperous. A majority of the thinkers of the country, be their political opinions what they may, are quite ready to concede the fact that Mussolini's strong right arm has had much to do with bringing such a condition about, and to bring order out of the chaos which existed in Italy at the close of, and just following the War, was no ignoble task.

The rapid decline of the franc, Mr. Pelham commented, may lead to its being wiped out, just as the mark was wiped out of Germany. The taxes imposed on American tourists and the expressions of opinion to which they are subjected on all sides are, to say the least, not commendatory. Those who were in the country during wartime find it hard to believe that the country and people are actually the same, so have conditions changed.

Luckily, the effect of the decline in the value of the franc is confined to France itself, and so will not affect the country's outside indebtedness. As to the means by which the Nation will re-establish her financial security—that is altogether another matter. It is going to be difficult—as difficult a matter as Germany found it, and it may even be necessary to adopt the

very same method. But with France the trouble is more political, according to Mr. Pelham, than economical.

In Holland, business goes on uninterrupted, solid, and sturdy. The crops have been good, conditions are highly pleasing and the outlook for the future is as bright as it can be. But the Dutch, contrary to the idea harbored by so many Americans, made very little out of the War—though this fact is due largely to poor judgment. The Dutch speculated fast and furiously in German marks and as a result of their decline, lost more than they could ever possibly have made.

In Denmark, from Mr. Pelham's observations, business is moving along at par. Business has been thoroughly stabilized, the people are awake to the fact that now they must work as they have never worked before. Social and labor unrest in Sweden are gradually being cleared up and the future looks promising. Norway is engaged in a valiant fight to regain supremacy in the fishing and shipping industry, but her financial conditions are below par. Throughout Finland there has been a tremendous development during the past six months.

In Soviet Russia conditions have begun to "look up." The Gillette Safety Razor Company, organized to sell its product in every country on the globe through its branches in most of the important cities, and through the authorized Russian representatives in New York, sells a large quantity of goods—more than it has ever done before—to Russia. The Soviets, says Mr. Pelham, pay cash, and insist that all purchases be made through a licensed representative, who, in turn, is compelled to bring Russian products to the United States and sell them to raise the cash with which to make further purchases. There is a more and more marked trend toward liberalism in the conduct of the Russian government, according to Mr. Pelham.

"Razors," Mr. Pelham asserted, "are being used in larger quantities than ever before in the land of the Soviets." Evidently, the time is coming when the cartoon of the bewhiskered Bolshevik will be as out of date as the old-fashioned tin drinking-cup.

"The one thing that is observable throughout Europe," Mr. Pelham continued, "is the Continental methods of doing business, as compared with American methods. Above all else, Europe needs American sales methods. It is one thing to obtain production by labor-saving devices, and another altogether to organize aggressive selling campaigns and use modern methods in marketing. Europe is beginning to do the first, but has not yet got round to the second proposition.

"An English candy manufacturer of my acquaintance employs seventy-five hundred

people and produced only one line of goods 'packaged'—a line of candy put up in a single, half-pound box. Contrast this with the situation in America where one candy firm is putting up as many as nine hundred distinct and different lines of goods in almost as many distinctive packages.

"In Europe they are just entering upon the package age in which we in America have been living for so long. The adoption of the package method in Europe is an indication of the fact that American sales methods are received with better grace than ever before."

As to the rubber situation, Mr. Pelham declares it should be evident to the most casual observer that some adjustment will have to be made or America will soon be raising her own rubber in the Philippines and Florida. Users of automobiles in America—and who is not?—are not going to pay taxes of billions of dollars on rubber without a protest. The fact has been evidenced previously in the attempt of various nations to make the United States pay a high tariff on other imported raw materials.

America's foreign trade, according to reports, is only one percent of the total home market. Europe still remains the great export market.

This fact is reflected in the sale of the Gillette razor. Forty percent of the total sales of the Gillette razor is foreign, and thirty-five percent of the foreign trade is with Europe. In the home market the Gillette Safety Razor Company has developed a trade so there is a razor in use for every man and boy of shaving age in the United States, in addition to the number of razors in the hands of women. In England, only five percent of the men of shaving age use safety razors and three percent in other countries. Evidently manufacturers of safety razors have a great field before them for increasing the sale of their product.

Identified with the Gillette Safety Razor Company for many years, Mr. Pelham is counted one of those executives who gains his information at first hand and knows not only facts and figures in reference to trade, but from years and years of experience, can gauge almost with certainty, the logical demands of the future.

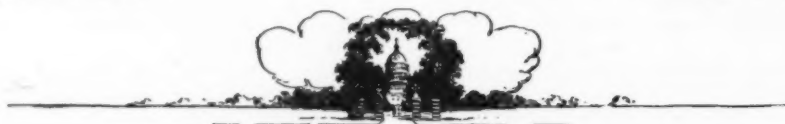
First in the field of safety razors, the Gillette has become the standard, and millions of blades made in Boston are finding their way to the most remote parts of the world. In fact, in Toledo, the ancient capital of Spain, which I visited only a short while ago, instead of the trusty old blade of historic fame, the Gillette blade was the only blade of steel I found in Spain. This also in the countries of the Moslems, who

are forbidden to shave by the tenets of their faith. There are today 350,000 Mohammedans who remain as prospects for the sale of the safety razor as soon as their religious ban is lifted.

"The real business and industrial condition of Europe at this time," states Mr. Pelham, "augurs well for a continuance of good business at home, for while the export business may not seem so important of itself, it is the governor of the balance wheel of trade. With an increasingly stabilized foreign trade, the business conditions of the United States always reflect a healthier condition than otherwise.

When Prince Adolphus Gustavus of Sweden visited America one of the first places put upon his itinerary was a visit to the Gillette factory in Boston. The associations of Mr. Pelham in his frequent journeys abroad have resulted in awakening a keen interest in the home of the Gillette razor. As His Highness, the Crown Prince, walked through the Gillette factory, the royal visitor was impressed not only with the efficiency, but the nimble and dexterous way in which the employees handled their work. The absence of the drab atmosphere of drudgery and drone-like listlessness of industrial routine usually associated with a factory was noted by the observing Prince. He also noted that in the faces of the employees there was an alertness and keenness that suggested the very edges of the blades that were being turned out by the millions and broadcast to the markets of the world. Boston and New England seem to have initiated a large proportion of enterprises that stand out in the record of American industrial achievement and modern progress. The telegraph was invented by S. F. B. Morse, born in Charlestown; the telephone was perfected by Alexander Graham Bell in Boston; the sewing machine was invented by Elias Howe in Spencer, and Thomas Edison's early creative years were spent in Boston. The beginning of American literature, many important movements, cults, creeds and ideas to say nothing of the more modern Gillette habit were initiated in Boston town in response to the appeal "No Stopping, No Honing." More than that, it set all the world "ashaving" as never before.

Public opinion everywhere is reaching the conclusion that the welfare of every country in the world is of concern to every other country in the world. It is reaching the conclusion too, that the peace of the world is coming as other great reforms have come because of an economic evolution despite the restraining influence of political leadership that has always fed on the passion of racial and religious prejudices. A true economic understanding must always be based on a spirit of justice and equity reflected in a fair exchange of commodities.



Maine Entertains a Million People

The lure of the "Pine Tree" State has made it the mecca of summer tourists from forty-eight states—Hospitality, variety of scenery, good roads and excellent accommodations fulfill every desire

A LONG the Atlantic Coast and even far to the West, there is magic to the title, the "State" of Maine. Mention Maine to anyone and you suggest real recreation in the pine woods amid the beautiful lakes and on the shores of the state whose motto is "Dirigo"—"I Lead."

If you have ever been to Maine, you have undoubtedly felt the irresistible urge to go again and it makes no difference whether your first trip was to the Rangeley Lakes or Aroostook; the south-east tip of Maine, Old Orchard, or Kennebunkport, near Mt. Katadin; no matter where you go in Maine, there are good times ahead. Here you seem to come closer to nature than anywhere else, and to find an honest, hale and hearty good humor that is refreshing after the wearing swirl of city days.

There are the guides, farmers and the home folk in the villages who always seem glad to see you and join in seeing that you have a good time. The State of Maine has been working many years steadily now to build up a tourist business and today it is estimated that over a million tourists visit Maine in the summer time and the number is constantly increasing. There have been estimates that the tourist business amounts to fifty million dollars

or more, but when you go to Maine you do not stop to think of mere figures. You think of having a good time.

The Governor of Maine and several hundred Maine people made a trip through the South the past winter and extended to all a personal invitation to visit the State of Maine this summer, which has already met with a hearty response. Down South they are beginning to talk now, not only of New England, but of the State of Maine as the objective of their summer tours.

When a tourist returns from Maine, the breezy health of the woods shines in his countenance and he is eager to tell people what a good time he had "down in Maine." "Being from Boston," you will notice I write "down in Maine" rather than "up in Maine." But, whether "up" or "down," from the State of Maine have come many of the men and women who are today leaders in state and national affairs, as well as the arts and sciences—prima donnas such as Eames and Madame Nordica and statesmen such as Blaine, Frye and Hale.

Fifty years ago, on June 17th, long before Maine had become the resort of popularity it is today, the doors of the Poland Spring House were thrown open to guests.

At the threshold stood three brothers, E. P. Ricker, H. W. Ricker and A. B. Ricker, together with their father, welcoming the first guests to the new house on the hill top. For one hundred and thirty-one years now, the old Ricker home has been a tavern "by the side of the road" where the wayfaring traveler finds a hearty welcome. The sturdy farmer lads who were born in this tavern have made Poland Springs not only a national but an international institution.

Who can ever forget the view of the Presidential Range from the hill top, or, one's first taste of the pure waters of Poland Springs? No wonder that conventions are ever assembling here for work and play. There is always something doing down in Maine—and at Poland Springs this truth is self-evident.

Poland Springs is one of the many places in Maine which has an established and wide-spread reputation. But it is not due to its hotels alone. Those who stay in the camps and farmhouses will vouch for that. In fact, you cannot recall the name of a town in Maine that does not have its visitors during the summer time. Portland, with its stories of ship building; Bangor, with its romances of the lumber camps; Old Orchard, with its



Rangeley Lake, one of Maine's many beautiful lakes

pleasant memories of days and days in the surf beneath the sun; Belfast and Eastport, with their tales of Indian days.

In the State House at Augusta, I observed many girls in the Council Chamber industriously sending out literature for the "State of Maine Associates," an organization of one hundred thousand inhabitants of the State of Maine who have joined together to assist in the develop-

The story of Maine is, perhaps, best told in the words of Arthur G. Staples, in his book, "The Passing Age" in which he has written concerning New England. While this particular essay is labeled "New England," he had in mind when writing that delightful bit of imagery—that poem in prose—I am sure, the old State of Maine, scene of his birthplace, and the picture of the Falls of the Androscoggin River which is known to all

and the South. While he extolled the charms of "the old pine tree state" and called attention to the incomparable beauties of the State of Maine in summer time, he was quite enthusiastic concerning the advantages that the Southland offered in the winter. The addresses everywhere elicited a kindly spirit towards New England, as well as towards his native state.

He has been a real active governor, and he has come to the hearts of the people in Maine in his commencement and other public addresses. As one friend has remarked: "His work is typical of the state of Maine. He has been through many a hard-fought, spectacular political battle, but the stronger the wind the stronger the roots."

Whether at the executive desk in Augusta, or in the hustings, he is master of himself. A graduate of Harvard, he was one of the leaders of his class in the Law School, as well as one of the ten selected out of a class of three hundred for the editorial board of the Harvard Law Review, the highest honor that can come to a law school man at Harvard. Among his classmates was Robert Taft, son of the Ex-President.

Governor Brewster was born on Washington's birthday, in 1888, in the town of Dexter, Maine. He attended the public schools and graduated from high school and Bowdoin College. Following his graduation from Bowdoin, he became principal of the Castine High School, in which capacity he earned enough money to defray the expenses of a course at Harvard. He worked, however, throughout his college course, as a waiter in one of the boarding houses in Cambridge, and during the last year tutored other students. The consequence was that when he graduated from Harvard all his bills were paid, and he was able to start earning an existence in the world free and clear from debt. That is typical Maine thrift and management.

From the beginning of his career as a lawyer, Governor Brewster has been successful. He first opened up his law office in Portland, and built up an excellent practice. In 1918, he entered the service, abandoning his lucrative practice, feeling it was his duty to do what he could for his country. After the war he returned to Portland and had to start over again, just as he did when he first hung out his shingle. But he was fortunate in having a wide acquaintance, and it was not very long before he once more had a large volume of business to look after.

He first entered politics in 1912, and in 1916 he was nominated and elected to the Maine House of Representatives and re-elected in 1918 and 1920. Succeeding to the State Senate in 1922, he gave loyal and efficient service to the Commonwealth there.

Young, vigorous, full of the vitality and energy of "the evergreen state," Governor Brewster, with Mrs. Brewster and his two sons, have added life and vigor to the executive mansion in Augusta, the old city that is still redolent with the name and fame of James G. Blaine, suggested in Ralph O. Brewster's impressive personality.



Hon. Ralph O. Brewster, Governor of Maine

ment of the resources of the Pine Tree State. The boys and girls who are interested wear little buttons blazoned with a pine tree.

Maine has played her part in the great drama of the building of a nation. The friendly spirit of the "pioneer" age still prevails in Maine. It was here, you will remember, that Henry Ford found the old-fashioned fiddler, Mellie Dunham. Everywhere there is a feeling that you are moored to the old, tried and true customs—the things that have not succumbed to the artificiality and complexities of modern life.

who have ever visited in the vicinity of Lewiston.

Other states may well emulate the spirit of the State of Maine in extending a warm welcome to summer guests. The spirit of friendliness is the one thing the world needs—the kinship of folks of all nations, creeds and colors.

WHEN Governor Brewster, heading his state of Maine delegation, made a pilgrimage to Florida, he won the hearts of the people of the Southland. His addresses were masterpieces as calls for closer relations between the North

Activities of the man directing the making and marketing of the "Candy of Excellence"

All the World Loves a Sweet

Otis Emerson Dunham utilizes the ancient art of the Moors to adorn the world-famed shops and package of Page & Shaw's—Out in the open, travelling the world over, he knows and understands the blend of nature with human nature

FOR over twenty years Otis Emerson Dunham, practicing law in Boston, numbered among his clients many people of fame and fortune, but the bulk of his practice brought him in close touch with the woes and worries of the lowly of mankind. Eventually, wearied of opening his office every morning to the shadow of trouble, once and for all he closed its doors and went into business.

Business, be it known to all, was then, some twenty years ago, on the eve of a great development, and the confectionery business, perhaps, more so than any other. In keeping with the spirit of the times, first of all he mastered the details of candy making, and in so doing found that the firm of Page & Shaw made the best candy in the world. It was made, he discovered, by a slow, patient, painstaking process, of ingredients of superior quality, the natural result of which was a product that was truthfully "the Candy of Excellence." Hence, its fame spread until novelists unconsciously ended their stories with "and he presented her with a five-pound box of Page & Shaw's."

Visiting the Page & Shaw factory in classic Cambridge, almost within the shadow of Memorial Hall, I felt that I was in a University of Confections, for within this building are trained many young men and women who go forth into the world to prepare candies at Page & Shaw branches in strict accord with the requirements for a superlative product. Like



Otis Emerson Dunham

the graduates of other universities, they receive their degree—degrees of perfection—that carry the message of sweets

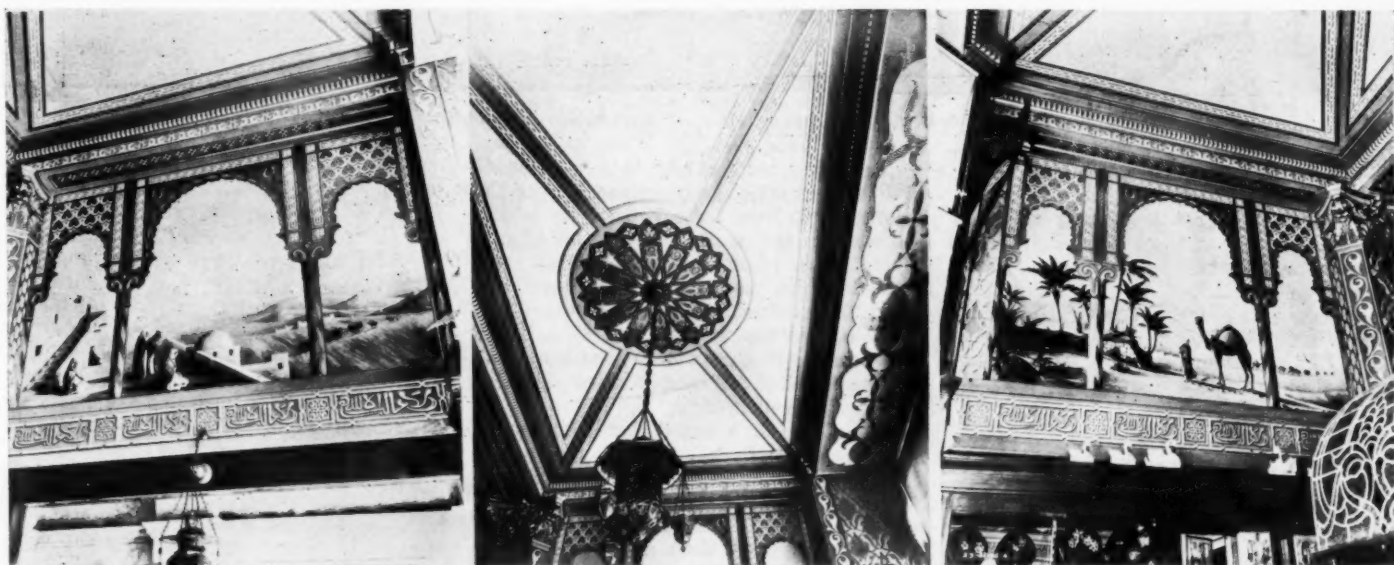
excellence to patrons in far-off Asia, Europe and America. Once the habit is established, nothing quite satisfies except Page & Shaw quality.

* * *

Fifty years ago the Page & Shaw business was launched on West Street, Boston. The trade mark was first used as a decoration for an awning on the ambitious little shop. The now familiar lion, though simply a trade mark, is known far and near, all over Europe and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Over nine hundred varieties of candies have been made by Page & Shaw to suit the varied individual taste. To accomplish the latter they have even transformed pickles into sweets, which are sold, together with others of the nine hundred varieties, in many shops in this country and abroad.

After a thorough study of the product, he began designing boxes and the furnishings of the stores. He hit upon Moorish designs as the most original and distinctive, and so spent many years searching for the best and most authentic books on Moorish art. At length he discovered one of a few books still extant that comprehensively covers the entire sweep of Moorish art, and, guided by what he learned, he began furnishing the stores with that impressive Moorish touch that gives life to geometrical figures.

Prohibited by the tenets of their faith from representing life, plant or animal, in their art, the Moors early learned to give to the prosaic lines of geometrical de-



Murals and ceiling of one of Page & Shaw's retail establishments, showing the true Moorish motif

signs, a brilliance and vivacity which is almost life itself. My first sight of the Alhambra in Granada, Spain, took my breath away—the massing of the three primary colors, red, yellow and blue, into a blend that transcends them all, is an enthralling spectacle to one unacquainted with Moorish art. The fine tracery of lines and the grace of many curves, helps out the illusion.

Memories of this first encounter with the art of the Moors came to me as I sat

& Shaw also have factories located in London and Paris, and number among their customers Kings and Queens, as well as Jacks and Jills. The Page & Shaw shop in London is called the center of sweets, but Paris every week sends regular supplies of Page & Shaw candy to customers all over Europe—sometimes sent in diplomatic pouches.

With the advent of prohibition the consumption of candy has increased tremendously.

spared in making it, so, consequently, there is a distinctive individuality about a confectionery box. Inside, each choice bit is wrapped in gold and silver, placed in its own compartment it looks like a jewel casket. In every box there is a variety that just suits someone, from the baby that can hardly toddle, to the aged grandparents sitting in the rocking chair.

In his safe are many letters from royalty and eminent people from all over the world, complimenting him and commenting



Scenes at "Lodge Pole," the country estate of Mr. Dunham at Beverly, Massachusetts

in Mr. Dunham's office, going over some of the boxes he had designed. How few of us realize the art and study required just to build a box for confections! The boxes in which they are contained, carry a message as distinct as that of flowers. What assuages the pangs of parting more than a box of chocolates? There is something in the lingering sweetness of confections that summons up happy remembrance.

* * *

In these modern times most maids in their teens, and ever thereafter, choose candy as a gift rather than flowers. This explains the marvelous development of the confectionery business in America. Uncle Sam, "according to statistics," has the sweetest tooth in the world, but Page

"Realizing that candy is a perishable article and cannot be shipped all over the country from one factory, I began zoning the western continent with the idea of supplying it with our candy. Factories were established in Los Angeles, Philadelphia, New York, Montreal, San Francisco and Chicago, and we opened more than thirty stores in various cities which have already become marked as the centers of 'The Candy of Excellence.'"

The stores are small but exquisitely furnished. In fact, every shop is like a Page & Shaw box—the last word in art. Artists from France and England, as well as the Orient were engaged to ornament the packages and then came ribbons to harmonize and those furbelows dear to the feminine heart. No expense was

on the "Candy of Excellence." One from Queen Mary of England, from the Crown Prince of Spain, to say nothing of the eminent Lords, Earls and Dukes, the literary folk and others whose names are known to fame.

A list of the customers from all the various shops is a veritable "who's who", or blue book, for wherever the superlative or excellence is desired or appreciated in confections, you will always find Page & Shaw with honorable mention.

* * *

Otis Emerson Dunham, the man behind all this excellence in candy-making, was born in Beverly, Mass. He comes of an old family from Nottingham County, England, and is a descendent of Deacon John Dunham, who was one of the original Pil-

grim fathers and landed in 1625 at Plymouth and was a deacon for thirty years and deputy to the Governor of Plymouth for seventeen years. In a volume entitled "Dunham-on-Trent," I found a continuous record of the proprietorship of the Manor of Dunham from Doomsday Book, 1067, down to 1922. This book contains description of Dunham, the ancient English villages on the west bank of the Trent River (from which the Dunhams take their name), and which belonged to King Edward the Confessor from 1041 to 1066, when along came William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings.

Otis Dunham may rightly pride himself upon his heritage, tracing descent back in an unbroken line to the time of the Norman Conquest.

"Our Chocolate candy," said Mr. Dunham, "contains about forty per cent of high grade chocolate. When it is considered that at the factory in Cambridge, is produced about six million pounds of chocolate candy every year, the enormous quantity of chocolate needed to keep these factories busy, is evident. Over five hundred different materials are used in making this candy—materials coming from all parts of the world. New fruits and new flavors are constantly being added, and experts are constantly on the outlook in searching for new combinations to tickle the palate. Supplies are affected by conditions all over the world—droughts, wet seasons, crop shortages, political changes, strikes, war, plagues, new customs regulations, changes in food laws, and the fluctuations in the rates of exchange. A very cold winter may kill sufficient bees to make honey scarce, or a drought may prevent the maturing of certain flowers and thus affect its flavor, but the candy

counters must be supplied. Page & Shaw candy makers are trained in their own institution for outsiders are never employed. The heads of the factories in London, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco and other places know every detail of the process in the home factory.



Chiefs Lodge Pole (Mr. Dunham) and George Star

On the books of the company are more than ten thousand wholesale accounts covering five countries. Strange to say, the easiest part of the Page & Shaw business is to sell the candy, and the greatest difficulty, getting the right materials to make the candy right and deliver it right.

"One of the things that makes our business individual," said Mr. Dunham, "is that seventy-five percent of our product is purchased to be given away. It is sentiment that prompts most of these purchases—love, affection, respect and gratitude, or perhaps a lively anticipation of other favors yet to come. In a way our candy is looked upon as a sort of 'first-aid' to the crippled love affair and used by hard-headed business men and diplomats in sweetening up the sour spots.

"Who can forget the box of candy a friend leaves us just before sailing for foreign shores? As candy is consumed piece by piece, the sweetness of remembrance and friendship is employed as a reality. Altogether our business is a pleasant one, suffused as it is with happy thoughts in the never-tiring effort to sweeten life in general for others."

When Mr. Dunham was making addresses over the radio, I could almost hear the radio fans smack their lips as he proceeded with a tale akin to "the sweetest story ever told." Every child of normal tastes, who could reach a receiving set absorbed the story and "listened in." It rivaled the fascination of a bed-time story because they felt they were right there with him making candy—standing around the store, so to speak, as at an old fashion taffy-pulling party, waiting for a taste.

As a youth, Otis Dunham's particular hobby was to spend as much of his time as possible with the older folks, stuying them, listening in on their conversations, dreaming of the days when he, too, would be grown up and able to do the things and see the sights that were commonplaces to them. Behind this innocent avocation, however, there was also something of deeper import. Rightly enough, he had a notion that in this way he could pick up some valuable knowledge and experience which would save him from having to pick it up himself later on in life when there would naturally be more call upon his time.

"I considered such gleanings more valuable than any money these people could leave me," Mr. Dunham declared. "Money might soon be spent, but the knowledge and common sense I gained in this way would keep on working for me as long as I lived."

It was during this period that, in common with all boys, Mr. Dunham read and dreamed of life on the ranches of the West, among the Indians of the plains and the highlands, without a thought that some day he himself would be the owner of not one ranch, but two—one of them, the only one of its kind, located within the boundaries of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Nor could he have had any idea that the day would come when he would himself be made an Indian—adopted brother to a Chief of the Blackfeet.

Few of his friends, even today, are aware that to the Indians on the Blackfoot reservation bordering upon Glacier National Park in Montana, Mr. Dunham is Chief Lodge Pole—or, as they call him, "Noe-narn-stamee," and that his two daughters, Beverly, age 15, and Shirley,



Siyeh (Spotted Wolf)



Rose, an Indian maiden

age 12, are respectively, Ah, Mah, Kre-e-pe-sakee, Red Birds and "Kai-ech-ase-pee," Dances on Mist.

The adoption of Mr. Dunham and his two daughters into the tribe was the result of a friendship of many years between the candy man and Chief Lodge Pole, who decreed after a tribal ceremony lasting four days, and of which the features were tribal dancing, feasting and

spent the better part of his time listening to the idle talk of his elders, reading Western thrillers and dreaming of the ranch and the plains. On the contrary, there were very few leisure moments in the life of the present candy magnate.

While in grammar and high school, he worked during vacations, and spent even the short week or ten-day vacations of Christmas and Easter time selling goods,

Perhaps it is his abiding interest in athletics of every description that although now in his fiftieth year, Mr. Dunham weighs only six or eight pounds more than he did when, as a lad, he played football. Even today, with much more time at his leisure than he has ever had before, Mr. Dunham makes it a habit to arise at five or six o'clock in the morning, and to continue active until nearly midnight, averaging less than six hours sleep a day. While on the ranch, he works with pick and shovel, runs a tractor, hoes, plows, chops wood and does the same work as any of the laborers.

One of the early enthusiasts and champions of suffrage was Otis E. Dunham. He was associated with Alice Stone Blackwell in the strenuous campaigns. Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, the father and veteran suffragist, was his client, and in the contact convinced him that woman suffrage was inevitable. Mr. Dunham spoke in Faneuil Hall at one of the memorable rallies that foreshadowed the success of the suffrage movement.

He was also chairman of the committee that welcomed Charles Evans Hughes at Beverly in 1916 on his swing around the circle, and introduced Calvin Coolidge to his Beverly folks at the time Coolidge was Governor of Massachusetts.

* * *

Speaking of his ranch—or, more properly, of his ranches, it was no doubt Mr. Dunham's boyhood dreams that brought to the old Bay State the beginning of one of the most unique wild animal preserves in the country. Located in a section of the North Shore known as Montserrat, this ranch, "Lodge Pole Ranch" which is already attracting thousands of visitors to it yearly, is but a stone's throw from the spot at which Mr. Dunham was born.

Here Mr. Dunham has taken in hand the restoration of herds of animals of the temperate zone which are commonly believed to be growing extinct. Ultimately, there is little doubt, Montserrat is bound to become a mecca for the lovers of wild animals throughout the East. Already the Chief of Montserrat has stocked his lands with bison, elk, reindeer, pintos and other horses of the plains, and a host of feathered denizens of the woods and fields which would tax even the ability of a Noah to name.

A private sanctuary of acres and acres of Montserrat woodland is that which Mr. Dunham has centered around a terraced dwelling of stone. More than 110 acres of woodland, with sweeping stretches of birch, pine, spruce and oak provide feeding ground for an aggregation of animals which, although but the nucleus of the substantial herds into which they are later expected to multiply, is little short of remarkable.

Among the most interesting phases of this great preserve is the corral behind the ten-foot wire barrier of which there is revealed to the cautious visitor, two ancient bison, Bill and Betty, who have as companions a trio of elk named Ed, Emma and Edith, who are soon to be supplemented by another pair to be shipped from the government reservation.



An outing on the reservation with the faithful guide at Buffalo Ranch

the giving of gifts, that henceforth Mr. Dunham should bear the Chief's own name. Two other famous Indian Chiefs were among those who assisted in the ceremony—old Chief Curley Bear, and Wade-in-the-Water.

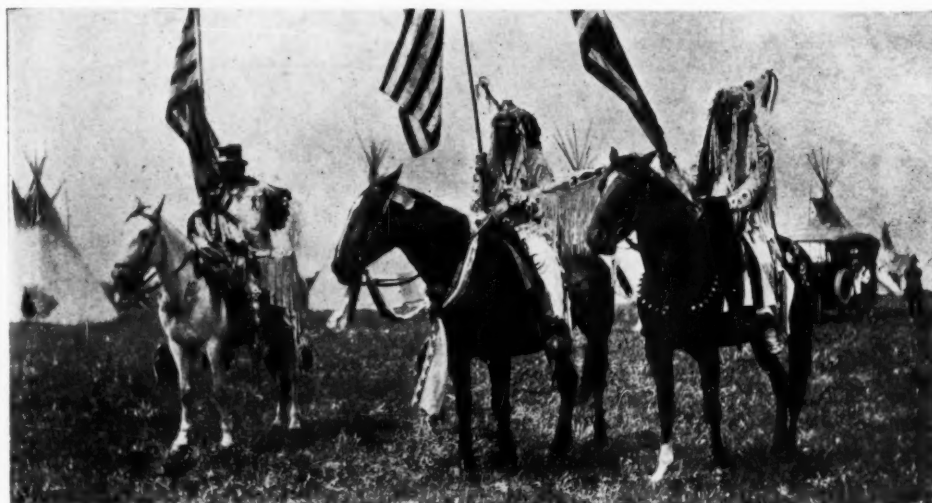
As a result of this initiation into the rites of the Blackfoots, the appearance of the Dunhams upon the reservation year after year is the signal for such tribal ceremonies as are accorded to any important chief of the tribe and his daughters.

* * *

But, to get back to Mr. Dunham's boyhood days, it must not be thought from what has preceded, that young Dunham

cashiering, acting as helper to carpenters, painters and even brick layers. On one such job the boy mixed and carried 75 tons of mortar—much of it along a plank to the second floor of a building under construction.

Yet, with every available minute of his spare time taken up with such income-earning activities, young Dunham still found it possible to combine a two-year business course with a four year classical course at high school, and to finish the two in the regulation four years. At the same time he was active as an officer in the school battalion, as captain of the baseball team, and as a member of the hockey and football teams.



Chiefs Curley Bear, Wades-in-Water and Two Guns, the latter being used for the model for the Buffalo nickel

Within close proximity to the Dunham residence is another corral within which stalks a flock of turkeys. In a swampy tract just within sight is a trio of mule deer, which Mr. Dunham brought from their native haunts on the edge of the Grand Canyon. These latter, raised on the bottle by Western rangers, are as friendly as kittens, and just as frolicsome. Companioned with them is a reindeer, which is this fall to be joined by three mates from the North.

Within no great distance are flocks of chickens, ducks and other barnyard fowl, as well as pheasants and other game which commonly make Montserrat and vicinity their sanctuary. One has only to place his back to the Dunham residence with its bulwarked walls, its portecochere and scattering of cars, to imagine himself transported to the center of the most remote wilds. And it is for this reason that Montserrat has already become a haven for the thousands within the vicinity who cherish secret longings of some day being able to "get back to nature." Surely, there is no place within miles where it is so easy to do this.

To make the woodlands illusion even more complete, standing atop a small hill on the preserve is a large Indian wigwam, which on many occasions has been the gathering place for troops of Boy and Girl Scouts. The Scouts also have a permanent camp half a mile away in the woods, on the shore of a pond, where they stay week-ends. Frequently, from one hundred to two hundred and fifty Scouts are in camp on Lodge Pole Ranch. Close by is an honest-to-goodness dancing floor where, on summer evenings, informal dances—right in the heart of nature, are held.

Most of the lower floor of the house is designed for public use. A large hall, with suitable ante-rooms, bowling alleys and pool room, affords a meeting place for various organizations. With the pine groves and swings, the fields for base ball and out-of-door sports, the wild animals to see, and the woods and ponds, and finally the house itself, thousands each year enjoy an outing at Lodge Pole Ranch. Various societies,

groups of newsboys, poor children with their parents from the city streets, as well as The Page & Shaw employees, are always welcome to all the Ranch affords.

A man can actually monopolize only a small piece of land, about six by two, in a cemetery. If he has more, suitable for public use, what greater satisfaction can he get than to have the public use it? If every large estate was opened at least a part of the time, to the public, it would help break down class hatreds and convert much ill-will into kindly feelings.

And all this is, in a sense, but a replica—in miniature—of Mr. Dunham's other ranch, "Buffalo Head," in Montana. The latter, a 500-acre tract located within the Blackfoot reservation, is more than 5000 feet above sea level, and behind it, the summits of the Rockies rise 5000 feet higher still.

The ranch in Montana, according to its owner, is the result of his business connections. The establishment of a branch of his business at the entrance to the national park in Montana led to his visiting the spot, which, in turn, led to his purchase of the ranch. Then, as a result of his experiment in the domain of his Indian tribesmen, came his establishment of the sanctuary at Montserrat.

For years and years before Calvin Coolidge came round to the idea of fishing for relaxation, Otis Dunham found his greatest pleasure, outside of his business and the supervision of his two big ranches, in the quest of the finny tribe. But, unlike our fish-catching President, he prefers to take a dozen kinds of bait and fish, if necessary, from sunrise until four o'clock in the afternoon, until he can get a big fish, rather than catch a lot of small ones.

Similarly, as Mr. Dunham is fond of saying, he has none of the lesser faults, confining himself to the larger ones. Thus, he does not smoke, drink, use condiments, rarely indulges in desserts, and, confining himself to a small amount of the simplest food, though travelling nearly 35,000 miles a year, limits himself to but two meals a day.

What is true of his habits of living to-day, was also true of them in the days when Mr. Dunham was practicing law, and putting by a little every year, which he finally invested in Page and Shaw preferred stock.

The manner in which Mr. Dunham first became interested in the management of the candy company makes an interesting story. The attorney had about \$30,000 to his credit in the company when C. N. Shaw, the founder, and owner of a majority of the stock, came to him and asked him to investigate the management, as he suspected dishonesty. Dunham spent several months reorganizing the business without charge to anyone, and discovered that although the candy makers were faithful, some of the executives were not. He continued to reorganize and extend the business until finally Shaw asked him to buy up all outside stock. When he had done this, Shaw offered to sell Dunham the remaining stock. As a result, Otis Dunham became the virtual owner of the Page and Shaw Company, paying for the stock he had purchased, principally out of the earnings of the business. He paid about one million dollars altogether and has since added another million and a half to the amount invested in the business.

Mr. Dunham has been in control of the Page & Shaw business for the last eight years, during which time he has organized an English company with six shops and factories and distributing depots in every section of Great Britain and France. He has more than doubled the size of all factories, together with their equipment, and holds many patents for



Mr. Dunham made honorary chief the Blackfeet tribe of Indians



Sights and scenes at "Buffalo" ranch in Montana and "Lodge Pole" ranch at Beverly, Massachusetts, where Mr. Dunham and his family live and enjoy vacation days

improvements on candy and chocolate machinery. The owner of a patent for the manufacture of vitamine chocolate, his company supplies many hospitals and sanitariums, has outfitted relief expeditions to Russia, Labrador and China.

"For the past five years," declares Mr. Dunham, "I have given my personal attention to the designing of our boxes and the decoration of the new branch stores which we are adding year by year. In this work I am assisted by M. Pierre J. Sequin, a French artist, who won a *croix de guerre* as sergeant in the first camouflage company in the World War. Mr. Sequin spent twelve years specializing in

Moorish art before becoming a member of our decorative staff.

"You ask why this stress upon the artistic element in the distribution of our candy? It is natural, is it not, to expect to see a beautiful woman to be beautifully gowned? Consequently, it is logical to have a superlative piece of goods in a package appropriately beautiful. The boxes and packages in which our candies are contained are messengers of sweetness in themselves. In these later days, it has been realized that beauty pays, whether in boxes of candy, a city, a house, an automobile, or in a dress, for it is the supreme and inherent longing of human

nature. Love of beauty is a natural instinct, which provides a most practical reason for the artistic adornment of choice confections sent out as gifts.

"While we think of candy as a feminine necessity, statistics reveal that the 'sweet tooth' is not a matter of gender, for both boys and girls, as soon as they can toddle, long for it, save their pennies in order to buy it, and, like their elders, through the gratification of their love for sweets, glimpse a more hopeful view of life, especially when that candy is supplemented with the suggestions of flowers, ribbons and pictures which endorse the enduring love of the beautiful."



A Captain of Modern Industries

William H. Woodin, who directs an army of twenty-five thousand men—His widely varied activities in public and private service

By HECTOR FULLER

HIS service as Fuel Administrator for New York State during the World War, first brought William H. Woodin prominently to the attention of the American public. For, although he comes of a long and honorable line of leaders in American industry and, for himself, following ardently the family tradition has won a foremost place among the builders of modern America, he is so essentially modest, and an avoider of the limelight, that it is distinctly in high financial and industrial circles, and among the big men with whom he has intimately worked, that his unusual qualities as a great organizer, constructive executive and leader of men have become best known.

The crisis caused by strike of the coal miners in 1922, bringing about a coal shortage that threatened grave danger to life and industry, enabled Governor Miller to have enacted the most drastic laws ever passed in New York State for the protection of the people. Practically unlimited powers were granted to the Fuel Administration. All that was needed was the man to administer them!

The choice of Governor Miller fell upon William H. Woodin, President of the American Car and Foundry Company. It was with great difficulty that the Chief Executive of the State of New York prevailed upon this man to add to the long list of heavy responsibilities he was already carrying. He was told by the Governor to name his own salary as Fuel Administrator.

"You haven't enough money to induce me to accept such responsibility," was the attitude of Mr. Woodin.

But he saw the need; fully, he realized the gravity of the crisis and the opportunity of service. Without pay, and backing his own efforts with all the force of his permanent business organization, also serving without pay from the state, he became New York's Fuel Administrator and served until the crisis was past.

Merely to set down the list of great industrial companies with which William H. Woodin, President of the American Car and Foundry Company is connected, is to epitomize some of the results of a life that has been spent in developing and solving America's vital transportation problems.

When in 1899, the American Car and Foundry Company was organized, it acquired the plants of the Michigan Peninsular Car Company of Detroit; the Missouri Car and Foundry Company of St. Louis; and besides others, the Jackson and Woodin Company of Berwick, Pennsylvania. It was in the shops of this last named Company that William H. Woodin

had his earlier training. Here, for the space of a year he lived in intimate contact with the working man and so gained that insight into the minds, thoughts and problems of the men at the work bench that has enabled him, from whatever heights



William H. Woodin

he has attained, never to lose what Kipling calls "the common touch."

"It was in the shop in those early days that I learned," said Mr. Woodin, "that the American artisan, sure of his work, proud of his skill and of his product, is—rather than the mere capitalist—the real leader of American industry."

That early contact with men who work with their hands gave him such keen sympathy and insight into the minds of the thousands of employees under his direction, that always since then he has been able to secure the maximum of high class efficiency with a minimum of friction. He has led all of the industrial plants to which his name has become a tower of strength, along the road of clear understanding.

Mr. Woodin's father and his grandfather before him were partners in the firm of Jackson and Woodin of Berwick, Pennsylvania, the story of whose founding and climb to success is an integral part of the industrial history of America. With other ancestry and other family traditions back of him, William Hartman Woodin, born in May, 1868, might well have been an artist

rather than an industrialist. He himself has confessed that what he really would have liked for his life's work was to have been a physician.

But his path was ordered for him. After the public schools of Berwick came the Woodbridge School, New York, and then a course in engineering at Columbia University School of Mines, after which he found his feet upon the road to traditional family policy of being given a job—probably the dirtiest and dustiest in his father's shops—cleaning castings in the foundry for the princely wage of ninety cents a day. That was the way his sire and grandsire had started!

Mr. Woodin himself says, speaking of those formative days: "One reason why American industry is leading the world today, is because most of its leaders climbed by their own efforts from the bottom up."

His hard apprenticeship in overalls lasted for two difficult years and then his father, by way of encouragement, offered him a prize of \$500 for the first perfect car wheel molded and turned out by his own unaided efforts.

This young son of the firm must have made many friendships among his fellow employes, for when the day for the great test came, they all ceased work to see him pass the crucible. One thinks in this connection of one Benvenuto Cellini, casting his gigantic Michael Angelo with all his adherents anxiously watching him. But, like the famous Venetian, young Woodin safely passed through the fiery ordeal and so mounted the rungs of the ladder of success—foreman—superintendent—assistant to president—and finally, captain of the ship!

"But I have never known such a thrill of pride," says he, "as when the men who worked beside me congratulated me on the first wheel I ever made."

The real democracy of this man has always been one of his strongest assets. He says: "One of the great troubles in big business is that we do not take time to get acquainted with our people. Having worked side by side with many of my men, I am proud to feel that many of them still call me 'Bill.'"

Naturally, too, he got training in financial matters from his astute father. He was only sixteen when his father placed \$10,000 in his bank account and told him to see what he could make of it. He gave him no instructions and told him that he would not ask him what he had done with the money. The only restriction he placed upon him was that he was not to go into debt.

"In six months," said Mr. Woodin with a

smile, "I was broke. Not only that, I had purchased some Iowa Central stock which not only faded away to no value at all, but was afterwards assessed \$15.00 a share, so that I had broken my promise to my father and had got into debt. But as my father had evidently expected, it was the best lesson of my life in the handling of money matters. I have never speculated since, nor have I had any inclination to do so, and if I had anything of import to say to a young man just entering business, it would be something to the effect that if a man strictly attends to the business that he has made his life work, it will take all his energies, all of his mental powers, all of his honesty, all of his idealism. He cannot do real business in the modern business world today and spend part of his mental powers in the agony of speculation. Don't speculate, is my advice for a young man in business."

Always the artistic side of the man has made itself felt and even today with a thousand and one materialistic responsibilities on his shoulders, it still manifests itself in his love for art; for the finer things in letters; for music and all that goes to grace and to beautify life.

He went abroad and steeped his soul in the artistic life of Paris. He traveled in Austria and to Germany and studied music so as to become a proficient performer.

He was an eye-witness to the conditions leading up to the Armenian massacres, and he travelled through Smyrna, to Constantinople, Damascus, Jerusalem and Tripoli. His rapidly acquired knowledge of the problems of the Near East led to his writing of "Special Correspondent" articles for *The London Times*, *The New York Herald*, *The Philadelphia Press* and other journals, for which he was so well paid as to demonstrate that even as a newspaper man he could, had he so chosen, made no uncertain mark as a writer upon the world.

He returned from his first European trip in 1897 and took up his work again as District Manager of the plant at Berwick, which, by its merger with the American Car and Foundry Company in 1899, was destined to grow into one of the largest and most powerful organizations of its kind in the world.

Elected President of the American Car and Foundry Company in 1916, William H. Woodin is today Chairman of the Board of Directors and a member of the Executive Committee of the American Locomotive Company; Chairman of the Board of the Brill Corporation, manufacturer of street railway cars and railroad motor cars. He is Director and Member of the Executive Committee of American Exchange Securities; Director of Chase National Bank; Director of the Country Trust Company of New York; Director, General Motors Corporation, The American Ship and Commerce Company and many others. The American Car and Foundry Company controls the Hall-Scott Motor Company and the Fageol Motors Company of Ohio. The Hall-Scott Company manufactures motors for automobiles, aeroplanes, pleasure cars, etc.; The Fageol Company builds motor buses in which the Hall-Scott engines are used exclusively.

Although he maintains the family home at Berwick, Pennsylvania, William H. Woodin is a resident of New York City, with a house at 752 Park Avenue and also a beautiful home at Easthampton.

* * *

Always, he has been personally identified with the forward movements looking towards the betterment of Greater New York. Born a Republican and still clinging to the political faith of his fathers, Mr. Woodin has always held that his duties as a citizen come ahead of his duties as a partisan. He has never failed to serve his native city when called upon. One of his most notable services to the New York municipality was when he accepted the Chairmanship of the Finance Committee of "The Silver Jubilee," which celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the creation of Greater New York. It was largely owing to his skill and highly organized executive ability that in place of the threatened deficit, he was able to show not only that the Silver Jubilee had paid its way, furnishing a fine educational entertainment to millions of people, but had turned back a comfortable profit into the Treasury.

Nor has Mr. Woodin's work for New York been confined only to the "City-by-the-Sea." In addition to his voluntary service under Governor Miller as Fuel Administrator, his close and long friendship with Governor Smith has induced him to serve on many of the Governor's Committees dealing with matters of benefit to the State.

With many of the civic organizations interested in better housing, parks, playgrounds and particularly traffic problems, Mr. Woodin has been personally identified for many years. He is Vice-Chairman of the Mayor's Committee for the entertainment of distinguished visitors, in which capacity it has been his honor to greet, upon their arrival in New York, such notable visitors as The Prince of Wales, Marshall Foch, The King of Belgium, Captain Fried of the SS. Roosevelt, The Crown Prince of Sweden, the notable delegations of Advertising men from Great Britain, France and other countries, and the Princes of the Church of Rome who came to America for the Eucharistic Congress.

Undoubtedly, it was his work with the civic authorities for the betterment of New York that led Mr. Woodin to the knowledge that no problem that confronts the city is greater than that of traffic. Realizing that present facilities for taking the people to and from their work have reached their limit, he has foreseen the fact that immediate relief can only come through the larger use of buses to supplement the present traffic systems. Thus it is that we find the Company of which he is the guiding force, reaching out and acquiring, either as associates or subsidiaries, the Hall-Scott Motor Company and the Fageol Company, manufacturers of the Fageol bus, so that as the demand, not only in New York, but all over the world, for buses grows, the American Car and Foundry Company will be prepared to meet it.

Besides his numerous and varied industrial activities and artistic recreation, Mr. Woodin is a skilled and enthusiastic numis-

matist and he has just reason to be proud of his co-authorship of "The United States Pattern—Trial and Experimental Features," a richly illustrated volume which is a standard authority on American coinage; but there is one volume issued under his auspices of which he is prouder than his "Coin Book"—for it was written by the grimy fists of his industrial plants; not only with pen and ink, but in sweat and herculean effort, to the accompaniment of titanic hammers and by the light of seething furnaces at a time that tried men's souls. That book is called "The American Car and Foundry Company in Khaki."

It is an epic in prose, telling—not for the general public, but for the officers and men who did the work—of the gigantic task performed when the plants under the flag of the American Car and Foundry Company were transformed over-night from the arts of peace into engines of war.

The first war note had hardly ceased to sound before this was the pledge that over his signature, Mr. William H. Woodin gave to the Government of the United States:

"I pledge the prompt production and delivery of the largest quantity of war material in our departments that is or shall be required by the United States Government for all necessities of itself and its Allies, and agree that all other lines in our business shall be subordinate to this pledge."

How this pledge was kept sacredly to the letter is part of the unexpungable history of the War. A letter from General C. C. Williams, Major-General, Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A., expressed in unmeasured terms the Governmental thanks for the Company's work in supplying artillery vehicles and ammunition for the Armies.

A telegram from Mr. E. R. Stettinius, the man responsible to the British Government for supplying its Army with all the shells that could be had in this country, testified the fact to Mr. Woodin that the Company had come through with flying colors.

* * *

It was the original Berwick industrial plant which started the War activities of the American Car and Foundry Company. In 1915, the plant turned out 341,162 three-inch high-explosive shells for Russia. This was the beginning! Before the end, the Berwick Plant turned out a total of three million projectiles, a daily average of 3,500 shells a day, with an occasional record of 4,500 per day. A Detroit War Plant was organized which turned out 50,000 artillery vehicles, gun carriage limbers, caissons, forge limbers, battery wagons, etc.

At Berwick, they turned out artillery repair trucks and artillery mobile trucks, of which 1,100 left the plant under their own power and forty-eight motor train units were shipped by rail. Berwick also turned out monster gun mounts for the Army and Navy, the largest that had ever been built; while the Wilmington Ship Yards of the American Car and Foundry Company were turning out submarine chasers built in the shops and hauled half a mile over land to water; equipment for the powder plants, steel field ranges and other paraphernalia of war.

Night and day, with fires never banked and men never loafing.

As General Williams said:

"It is a difficult task to convey an adequate image, even of a tributary for it was one of such volume as to have carried into the main stream of accomplishment, the billions of shells, the thousands upon thousands of artillery vehicles and the many other vital items."

In all, the American Car and Foundry Company delivered to the War Department, equipment and ordnance material to the value of \$148,000,000. The Car Division, made for the Military Railways in France, freight cars of a value of \$12,000,000, and at the same time it manufactured and delivered to the Allies of the United States, freight cars aggregating in value \$17,500,000. Over 8,000 freight cars were also furnished to the Russian Government and during and directly after the War the American Car and Foundry Company supplied the Italian Government with over 13,000 freight cars. The largest single order of railroad cars ever awarded in the history of the world—31,000—was placed by the United States Railroad Administrator. It was during this period that the American Car and Foundry Company returned annually to Uncle Sam, no less than \$25,000,000 in the form of taxes.

The outstanding work of the American Car and Foundry Company, in aiding the Government in its War preparation and throughout the entire War, led the War Department to appoint an Advisory Board for the New York Ordnance District, of which Board Mr. William H. Woodin was made a member. This Board represents the great leading industrial plants of the United States, who are thus co-ordinated, so that in any future national emergency, their entire forces; their army of industrialists; and the high abilities of their chief executives, will be instantly at the service of the Government. Mr. Woodin continues to be a prominent member of this Advisory Board whose chairman is Elbert H. Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation.

How dominantly at the head of these vast enterprises stands the President of the American Car and Foundry Company, may be judged from the fact that when, during the war, there was in one district some dissatisfaction among the men, which threatened seriously to impede the work, it was William H. Woodin who was summoned to the afflicted spot. These were his own men!

Into the question of their fancied grievances he entered not at all—at that time. Instead, he gave them a picture of the hell of the firing line and showed them the boys of the trenches waiting desperately for shells. Said he:

"Lives are depending on your work. Every minute you are idle, some boy may be going West whose life you might have saved. The plant must not stand idle while we thrash out our difficulties. Go back to

work and we'll settle the difficulties afterwards."

And they went!

This is the sort of vibrant thought back of the man, William H. Woodin, the direct and visible head of fifty of America's greatest industrial plants, employing over

hampton, though in spite of the many times he has commuted across the Atlantic, he disclaims being a good sailor. He holds memberships in the Railroad Club of New York, The Union League Club, The Century, The Metropolitan, The Lawyer's Club, The Oakland Golf Club, India House, The



In the library of Mr. Woodin's home on Park Avenue, New York. The unframed oil painting on the mantle is the portrait of Mrs. W. H. Woodin

25,000 men and with an annual output well over \$100,000,000.

But with all his multiplicity of interests and tremendous financial and industrial responsibilities, the President of the American Car and Foundry Company has his own life organized on the same efficient lines that have spelled success for his companies. So he has leisure for recreation. Always known as a patron of what is best in the theatre, he has been a familiar figure at most of the first-night performances in New York Theatres in recent years. He finds time for golf, and to serve as Commodore of the Devon Yacht Club of East-

Racquet and Tennis Club and others. He is also a member of the Members' Council of the Pennsylvania Society.

As a recognition of the way in which Mr. Woodin rendered his service to Italy, he was decorated by the King of Italy with the Order of Grand Commander of the Italian Crown.

And he does his thinking in art galleries, or in the company of splendid books, and he finds inspiration in the music of the masters. For the modern master of men in America must be, as the poet says:

"Well rounded, strong and clear of soul
Using life wisely, as a perfect whole."



Luther Burbank's "Friendship" Bridge

Last days of the wizard of Santa Rosa—A master of Nature secrets, who honestly confessed he "did not know" when queried as to all the miracles recorded in the Bible but who believed in the Eternal Goodness—with all the soul of one who created

OF TEN, since Luther Burbank passed on, have I reviewed that afternoon at his home in Santa Barbara. Never shall I forget those hours among the plants and flowers, beneath overhanging trees, almost within the shadow of the simple but extremely enticing little home, to which my mind returns time and time again, whenever I think of the good genie of the garden who, with his own hands, gathered flowers—the last Warren Harding ever saw—for the President lying ill in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. I had accompanied the dying friend of all friends upon the tragically memorable trip to Alaska, and it was at his own suggestion that I went to Santa Barbara to visit the wizard of the plant world, of whom the president of Harvard College, bestowing upon him an honorary degree, declared: "He has made two blades of wheat grow where only one grew before."

It is altogether fitting and proper, now that Luther Burbank is no more, and that the cloud of misunderstanding which saddened the last days of his life has been somewhat dissipated, that we review the life and work of the boy who, born in Massachusetts, and early suffering the pangs of unrequited love, went West, there to begin the lifework which, though it may have brought him some measure of fortune, is not to be judged in terms of either fame or fortune.

He had not experimented long, when he gave unto the world the first of his many marvellous improvements upon nature, the Burbank potato. In this alone he had accomplished something which would long live after him. But with the addition of the numerous other cross-breeds, which he had developed in the vegetable kingdom, he has done a work which will survive forever. Even as the flowers bloom perennially, the name of Burbank blooms in the minds of those who have even the most casual acquaintance with his work. The creator of the Shasta daisy and the thornless cactus which today provides fodder for the cattle of the desert, the doctor who gave a new twist to a thousand commonplaces of life, he has built for himself in nature a monument that can never crumble into decay.

How unfortunate that his declining years should have seen the coming, the breaking of the storm with reference to his faith in the after-life! How tragic to think that the mere misunderstanding by the press and public of his simple declaration that he did not know—and as the philosopher has said, "The more one knows, the more one knows how little he knows"—should have raised such a cloud of black despair

above his head, a cloud which, I am sure, had much to do with his being cut off from the last few remaining hours of his life.

* * *

Luther Burbank was honest—honest with himself, and honest with his work. He dealt only with the thoroughly honest things in life—nature—than which there is nothing more honest or immutable. He died even as one of the plants he had nurtured might have died.

Subjected to harsh criticism, his sensitive, shrinking soul which had always avoided publicity, was dragged mercilessly



The late Luther Burbank

out into the white, glaring light of public attention. Of no avail then, his protestations of misinterpretation, of misunderstanding. Of no avail then, even every man's inalienable right to his own beliefs. In his search for the unknowable he realized that he did not then, could never know, and admitted it. And it was this simple honesty that was held up, dripping with blood, that all might see and brand as heresy, anarchism in religion, atheism! Yet, how many of us who found ourselves so ready to cast the first stone can honestly say that we know—even understand—the things that Christ himself declared a mystery? Luther Burbank did not know—could not understand—and admitted it, though never once losing faith in the Eternal, or in His supreme goodness. He entered the final shadow with an insuperable belief not, we may well believe, unmixed with a zeal for the solution of the final problem of his life of discovery and adventure.

For half a century he had continued his quest among the trees, the plants, the

fruits and flowers without once losing sight of the Supreme Power that made all these marvels possible. That afternoon as we sat eating some of his own home-grown peaches, rosy with the blush brought to them by the sunshine of California, he caressed the large, luscious fruit with all the gentleness he might have lavished on a child.

"Isn't it glorious?" he inquired.

Call a man with a soul like that an atheist? A man who has accomplished with the children of nature the things that he has accomplished? He has fed thousands out of the wealth of his mind and pocket, and it ill befits any human to question the faith of a man who has not only made the world a better, but a happier place in which to live.

How our hearts should yearn for this friend and contemporary of John Burroughs, student and creator, who, walking alone in his gardens, in the shadow of his last days on earth, could stand before the glories of the scene, and with a faith undiminished, worship—in the only way that really deserves the name—through his actions and deeds—the Great Unknowable. Through the tears that dim my eyes at the very thought, I can faintly discern that little token of his friendship—the friendship card which, but a few weeks prior to the time when the mortal eyes of Luther Burbank closed to the light of the sun with which he wrought such marvellous transformations in plant life, he had sent me from Santa Barbara. There it lies upon my desk—a simple post card upon which were inscribed the following lines, to which he had attached his signature in a hand that shows just a bit of the tremble of age:

"FRIENDSHIP'S BRIDGE"

It's not so long since we have met
But it seems a lonely while,
The tones of your voice are with me yet
And the heartsome light of your smile.
We each have our work in the world to do,
And the miles are many between,
But Friendship's Bridge is long and staunch,
And hearts may cross unseen.

This, at the time when some carping writers and preachers were showering him with abuse because in the simple honesty of his soul he had replied to the query whether he believed in the doctrines of evangelical churches with the statement, "I do not know." His great mind at the time was throbbing with the fascination of the quest for knowledge among the mysteries of the borderland of Divinity. Who of us dares say he was not even more earnest in his desire for Truth and in the honesty of his answer, than many of his critics?

The "Moving" Fortunes of William Fox

What has happened in twenty-five years since a foreign-born boy started on the East Side of New York towards fame. Now called the "Cecil Rhodes of motion pictures," with a world-engirdling fame. Reception given Dr. Murnau and plans for new pictures

SCARCELY twenty-five years of age, but already world-engirdling; working with an invested capital in excess of Five Billion Dollars, employing not less than 350,000 men and women, constantly entertaining fifty million picture lovers, and attracting more than \$520,000,000 to box offices each year—that is the story of the enmeshed art and industry that is known as the Motion Picture Business of America today.

Surely it takes rank as one of the greatest of Infant Industries, but unlike the Infant Industries that screamed so lustily for help in the days of President McKinley, this one has attained its giant proportions because of popular appeal, and not through tariff pampering. Today it merits discussion because millions who enjoy motion pictures know but little of the business that produces them, while other millions resolutely refuse to be enlightened. It has gone forward because of the good will of the first division, and in spite of the last. Both branches stood on the sidelines and watched it speed by, but they both failed to note how fast it moved, or how great it was becoming.

This business, though young, is mighty. It defies description and paralyzes prophecy. It moves so fast that the innovation of January is a hoary tradition by April. The future of the Cinema hides behind the veil of Time and the mind that could encompass its potentialities has not as yet unfolded.

This may appear to be startling praise for "the movies" in view of the fact that an influential element of society has long assumed a scornful sophistication when referring to motion pictures; remaining at the same time wholly ignorant of the size and growth of the business.

For some years *poseurs* have murmured: "Dear no, I never go to the movies; they are so crude." Such people overlook, or are ignorant of the fact, that the world's greatest authors, actors and scientists are devoting their intellects and experiences to the development of motion pictures; that every forward-looking nation spends huge sums in recording on the film the happenings which sway humanity, and that the greatest educators are awake to the merits of the reel as a vehicle for conveying knowledge.

A score of years ago the flickering pictures shown in small dark "nickelodeons" did not warrant the attendance of scholars or lovers of either good drama, or art. It then became fashionable to deride them. Thomas A. Edison never sneered, however, for he saw in the early imperfec-

tions a promise of greater things to follow.

The first telephone excited laughter and the first locomotive was a slow and smoky joke.

* * *

Real thinkers knew that from a humble start great things would come. The business of making and distributing motion pictures has shown a greater gain in the past twenty years than any other industry, or art can claim. Studies have been made of the architectural masterpieces of all lands, and all Times, because many of these structures were to be seen in massive historical pictures which ambitious producers began to envision. Art was studied to ensure fidelity to times and places. Careful observances were made of the costuming in various eras, and the beautiful and picturesque spots of all lands were sought out, transferred to the magic reel, and brought to the attention of millions whose work, or lack of funds had debarred them from travel.

In a scant twenty years, while stubborn men and women refused to see this business Cinderella changing from rags to royal raiment, education and culture were spurred to a greater advancement by the fruits of the motion picture camera than by all the books and lectures of a century.

Some of the scorn that followed this art, or industry (call it what you will) was founded on its humble start, its first crude product, and its low price. The admission was a nickel, and aristocratic men and women gauged the entertainment by the price. Thousands at Newport, Greenwich, New London, Paris, London, Deauville and Palm Beach would regard *pate de foie gras, escargots, terrapin aux Madiere*, or Astrachan caviar as nauseous messes if offered on bills of fare at 15 cents a portion, but when found on menus at from \$3.50 to \$7.00 a portion they take on the distinction of expensive and exclusive superiority.

If the "movies" had been launched at Raquel Meller admission prices the Bolsheviks might even now be stormily protesting against "The monopolization of the cinema by the capitalistic classes." Having however, been first proffered at prices well within the reach of the "Newsies" and the "Shiners," schoolboys and girls flocked to them; later to be followed by those adults who held no social reasons for condemning what they frankly enjoyed.

* * *

But the *haut monde* long looked askance. Its members could not overlook the price, nor detect merit in anything that the lowly

could share with them. Having no intention of approving they had no qualms about condemning. Because they didn't attend they failed to learn that better stories were being demanded by producers, that famous actors were being engaged, that finer directorial talent was being employed, that more care and money was used on scenic investiture and that careful study was made before historical events were picturized.

An interesting instance of this injustice dates back six months. A brilliant editor, whose gift of investive has given him considerable vogue was invited to write an article under the caption: "What's the matter with the Movies?"

The mere title condemned the motion picture because it proved that a verdict of guilty had been ordered before any evidence was taken.

That article appeared in a famous magazine of wide circulation. It was brilliant and bitter, but it was wholly ignorant of the subject it presumed to review and appraise.

Only six months before that same famed feuilletonist had refused to serve on a committee named to review a famous motion picture in a competition because: "I never attend motion pictures; have seen very few, know nothing about them, and therefore am not qualified to sit in judgment."

Knowing nothing—on his own admission—he did not hesitate to take a large fee for proving that when he said he knew nothing of the motion picture, he told the truth.

Recent developments and recent revelations seem to justify the hope that the most intelligent men and women in the community should smother criticisms based on twenty year old opinions and awake to the fact that a gigantic industry has sprung into being and that the improvements many ask for will be more quickly attained if an understanding of the problems are made the basis for popular demands.

* * *

To try to prove that the growth of the alliance of art and industry called "The Movies" finds justification solely because billions of dollars have been poured into it, is not enough; it has grown because of its promise for the improvement of mankind. From a start so crude that it almost smacked of charlatanism, it has, in twenty years, passed 3470 classified and successful branches of American endeavor. Today it stands in fourth place in financial importance among National activities. It controls nearly twice as much actual wealth as the entire United States was worth one hundred years ago.

In July, 1926, F. W. Murnau, the most

distinguished motion picture director in Europe arrived in America under contract to William Fox to journey to California and produce one or more pictures on the highest artistic plane. An impressive reception and dinner was tendered to this artistic man at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in

sharply to his listeners the steady growth of public appreciation of the industry in which he is now recognized as a mighty force. He made it plain that to have bidden Senators, Admirals, Generals, great editors, Supreme Court Justices, mighty captains of industry, artists, sculptors and

bition. He became manager of a small theatre; bought an interest in a larger one; built a bigger one and then leased the largest one in New York, the historic old Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street at Irving Place. On the opposite corner a magnificent theatre worth \$3,000,000 is now being built by the Fox Theatres Corporation, of which Mr. Fox is president. The doors of the historic Academy are closed.

* * *

Almost at the advent of the motion picture Mr. Fox saw his life-work unfold before him. He visioned vast theatres, finer than any that architects and artists had then conceived, all filled with enormous audiences viewing mighty photo dramas, written by the literary giants of all ages; he saw the leading characters portrayed by the greatest artists of the dramatic world. He saw chains of these theatres girdling the world and he determined that he would control the theatres, make the pictures, distribute them and send the fame of an organization bearing his name to the most remote corners of the world. He is indeed a fortunate man in that he has lived to see his great dream materialize to such extent that he is known wherever Civilization has left a mark. His great studios in California and the heart of Manhattan seethe with activity as corps of artistic directors give instructions to thousands of gifted actors. Scores of great productions flow from those studios each year and in the hundreds of theatres his corporations either own or control and in thousands of others they supply, these evidences of prophetic judgment are viewed each day by millions.

Today the organization of this masterful man covers the Earth. Ten years ago he invaded Europe. Offices were opened in London by Winfield R. Sheehan, the Vice-President and General Manager, and the battle was started. Then Mr. Sheehan started on what has been termed the greatest organizing world tour ever accredited to any branch of American business. He opened exchanges in various parts of England, the European Continent, Australia, Canada, New Zealand and in the leading cities of all of the countries of South America. He went through China, India, Korea, Manchuria, Armenia, Siam, Burmah and the Straits Settlement, establishing agencies and training executives and sales forces. In seven years Fox pictures were as popular in those far-flung places as in Los Angeles, New York, Grand Rapids, El Paso, Gopher Prairie or Wagon Wallow. Millions of slant-eyed dwellers in old Cathay, or the cherry blossom land of the Mikado thrilled at the daring feats of Tom Mix, murmured with admiration as the four fiery steeds of King Solomon sped around the arena in the "Queen of Sheba" and marvelled at the strength and heroism depicted by the pioneers who girdled the Continent with the tracks of the first transcontinental railroad in "The Iron Horse."

In August, A. D., 1926, eight men sat discussing the birth, growth and future of the motion picture industry and one paid to William Fox the mighty compliment: "He is the Cecil Rhodes of the Motion Picture World."



William Fox, president and founder, Fox Film Corporation

New York with Mr. Fox as the host and with eighty of the leading men of the country assembled in Mr. Murnau's honor. I had the gratification of occupying a seat next to the eloquent editor of *The National Magazine*, Joe Mitchell Chapple, and I shared with him the surprises that many felt at the brilliancy of the gathering. The superbly arranged table was surrounded by men whose names are known in all civilized lands for their attainments and standing. Former United States Senator Charles A. Towne, Arthur Brisbane, Ex-Justice of the Supreme Court Cohalan, Mr. Fox and Mr. Murnau were among those who made addresses. The words of the pioneer Motion Picture magnate, Mr. Fox, were revealing because they brought

others noted in other walks to do honor to a motion picture director twenty years ago would have been regarded either as presumptuous, or ludicrous.

He further said some interesting things which proved that his career is one of the amazing business romances which could fruit only in this land. Born of poor parents in a small town in Hungary, he was brought here as a child and his early life was spent in that abode of poverty known as New York's Lower East Side. When in his early teens, he started working at a menial task in a little Bowery tailor shop. In a year he was Superintendent; in three he owned the place. Then he bought a Penny Arcade; he bought two more and they swelled his capital and fired his am-

Do the English Dislike Americans?

Personal impressions of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward F. Lawson, editor of the London Daily Telegraph, after his visit to America. "Your prosperity hits one in the face on every hand. I find an American that is not depicted in the movies"

MY first and outstanding impression of America is the astonishing prosperity of the country. It seems to hit one in the face at every turn. You go on the streets and you find there people working for wages and salaries attired in the height of fashion, enjoying the luxuries that in years past were allotted to the few of the upper classes. To withstand the assaults of prosperity is a real test and a great achievement for a nation."

It was Lt.-Col. Edward Frederick Lawson of the *London (England) Daily Telegraph* speaking. He was making a tour of the United States on a representation of the Advertising Clubs of England. Active manager of what is probably the greatest paper in the world owned by a private corporation, Lt.-Col. Lawson has had awarded to him the D.S.O. Military Cross and medal for territorial service in the British Army. His uncle, Lord Burnham, is the present publisher and Lt.-Col. Lawson will be his successor. He was very much perplexed at the report of Americans that Europe cordially hated us.

"You know there are some people who will say such things for their sensational news value. The debt settlements are bound to affect ultra-sensitive patriots, but after all, it is simply a matter of adjustment, man to man. There are many problems we have in England that Americans do not understand and the same is true concerning America, but one thing we do know is that there is a kinship and a blood tie that counts in emergencies. The international Advertising Convention in London, July, 1924, did much to create better feeling and understanding between United States and Great Britain. Nineteen hundred Americans attended this Convention and they have helped our own advertising interests immeasurably, and brought advertising and advertising men before our leaders in a way that would have taken us alone many, many years."

After graduating from Oxford in 1913, Lt.-Col. Lawson began working on the *Daily Telegraph*. In 1914 he was sent to New York. The war broke out when he had been here only two weeks, so he returned and entered the service and saw much action in the Near East. He was at Gallipoli and Damascus and had a real war record in Syria with General Allenby when they returned victoriously into Damascus, the oldest inhabited city in the world.

* * *

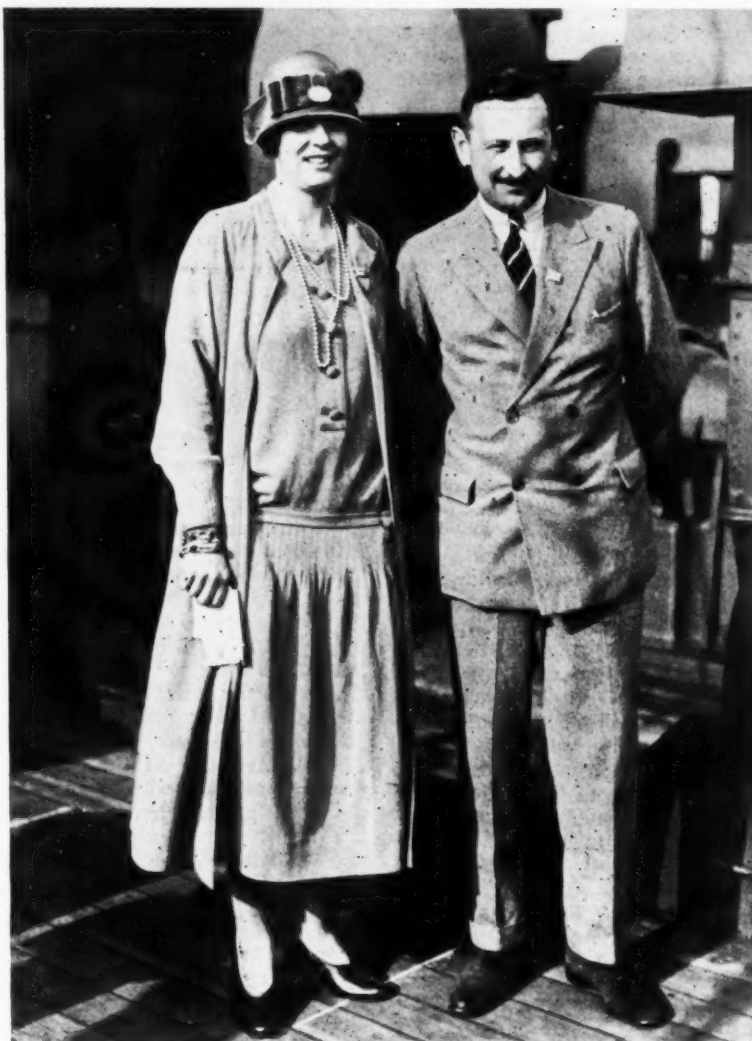
A miniature copy of the *Daily Telegraph* is one of the most striking reproductions that has ever been printed by

a large daily. The issue of May 11th, 1925 was reproduced in *toto*. The advertising and half-tone work is exceptional for a large daily and it gives some vivid pictures of the opening of the British Empire Exposition with snapshots of the King and Queen in the foreground.

the leading newspaper plants and got in close touch with the modern methods of American newspaper activities.

* * *

He is a young man of thirty-six with small dark mustache, kindly brown eyes that have an inquisitive twinkle, at least



Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Frederick Lawson and his wife

His first trip as an advertising man was made to the Atlantic City Advertising Convention in June, 1923—one of 100 delegates. This year he came to the Philadelphia Convention as President of District 14 (Great Britain) and leader of a delegation of 40 British Advertising Men.

While in the United States, Lt.-Col. Lawson made a thorough inspection of

on this side of the Atlantic. He was much interested in the five-gallon Texas Stetson hat presented by Amon G. Carter of the Fort Worth *Star Telegram* to his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales—which the Prince of Wales accepted when the Committee of Advertising Men presented it to him at St. James Palace during the London Advertising Convention.

Continued on page 44

Affairs and Folks

A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events

THERE is something about Florida that attracts the superlative. When Dr. W. H. Watters of Boston University School of Medicine first visited Miami, he at once discussed the need and necessity of an up-to-date clinic, and was not slow in acting upon the proposition. In the old church at Coconut Grove, attended by William Jennings Bryan, when he first became a resident of Florida, Dr. Watters has created a Boston-Miami clinic that is unique, distinctive and up-to-date. This was established on the second winter's vacation in Miami, for he studied



Dr. W. H. Watters' Boston-Miami clinic (the church W. J. Bryan first attended in Florida)

betimes what seemed to be the medical needs of the country. He went to Chicago and took the matter up with leading officials of the American Medical Association. This conference resulted in his establishing what is now known as the Boston-Miami clinic, the purpose of which is to bring together a group of able men specially skilled in various departments of medical knowledge, and to provide for them the latest modern facilities for the investigation, study and treatment of patients.

It has been a life-long habit of mine to be examined by a physician about every six months. I said to myself, although feeling perfectly well, here's what is needed for the average person—"an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure"—and I made the tour of laboratories and imposing equipment run by little electric motors registering the value of every breath and every heart beat, to say nothing of the blood tests where the corpuscles were studied on a glass as an artist would mix his paints on a palette. The clinic is equipped with a metabolism apparatus, electrocardiograph, X-ray and fluoroscope, etc. There is also provision made for the various electrical treatments, high frequency, diathermy, auto-

condensation, including a complete dental department.

There is a large number of people going to Florida who might be included in the semi-invalid class. This number would be largely increased if they knew they could obtain there the facilities for proper medical treatment. The high blood pressure, heart and kidney diseases, and so-called rheumatism are prevented by escaping the rigors of northern climate. There is no doubt they add years to life by going to the South, but there seemed to be an imperative need of an institution of this kind where they can be guided by able and prominent physicians in attendance, collaborating with the family physician in the North.

Dr. Watters is a graduate of McGill University and Boston University, and has been a professor in Boston University for the past twenty-five years. He is one of the Medical Examiners of Suffolk County for the past seventeen years.

The experience of last year has fully justified the plans of Dr. Watters, for there is an increasing demand for what is called health examinations. It has been my personal custom to have a health examination on every birthday, and oftener if I think necessary, but the best birthday gift I know of is a good health certificate. This precaution has added many years to many lives. If more people were inclined in the vacation time to give attention to physical condition there would be less immediate work for the undertakers.

The location of the clinic is ideal—away from the congested districts of Miami, and on the very boundaries of Coral Gables. Located on the ocean front, it provides an opportunity for the use of the roof garden and cubicles for sun treatment. The clinic opens in October and continues until May or June. In charge of a man of the ability and experience of Dr. W. H. Watters, it is already filling a need which will soon require larger buildings and more workers, and setting a pace for older communities who hesitate to go forward with the new ideas and equipment which seems to be the order of the day when living in Miami and Florida.

* * *

WHEN Mrs. William E. Towne, better known as Elizabeth Towne, announced her candidacy for the office of Alderman-at-Large in Holyoke, Mass., she evidenced something more than an ordinary ambition to hold office. As editor and manager of the *Nautilus Magazine*, she has been a power and influence in the New

Thought movement, and is altogether an extremely busy and capable woman. She has lectured extensively on the public service and its duties, and her writings on the subject are the Gospel of her followers. Now she has come to the conclusion that it is time for action on her part, and the part of her associates to prove that women are every inch as capable of coping with the problems of public office as men.



Mrs. William E. Towne

"I have found the log in the jam," she said in discussing woman's aversion to entering politics. "I think I can furnish the proper leverage to release the log and cause an even flow of women into the legislative and judicial branches of the government where they belong. I am convinced there should not be a legislative or judicial body or public committee of any sort anywhere, without women in it. Women should run for the Senate and the House of Representatives so that we would have an opportunity for an equal representation with the men. We have opposite principles by which to decide questions and without women the decisions are bound to be one-sided."

Upon her return from Europe, she filed her nomination papers and confidently expects to enjoy the distinction of being an Alderman in Holyoke, located not far from the city in which Calvin Coolidge began his illustrious career as an Alderman, and almost within the classic shades of Smith College. The fact that Calvin Coolidge began as an Alderman, may have had significance in Mrs. Towne's decision

to start at the very bottom, as she has visions, she admits, of a woman sometime becoming President of the United States. After this campaign, she feels there will be little difficulty in inducing modest young women to emerge as real and likely candidates for public office, to do political battle according to the procedure ordained by the Constitution.

In the field of New Thought, as Director of Organization and past President of the International New Thought Alliance, she is most widely known throughout the world. Beginning with the 1915 annual Congress of the Alliance, held at San Francisco, Mrs. Towne has been a tireless worker in connection with its activities. She has served as chairman of the Plans Committee and of the Statement of Principles Committee, and in the latter office, supervised the preparative and aided in the adoption of the "Statement of Principles," which were officially ratified at the St. Louis Congress of the Alliance in 1917, which today remains substantially unchanged.

Upon the resignation of James A. Edgarton in 1924, Mrs. Towne received the signal honor of election as President of the Alliance by the vote of its Executive Board, and assumed the duties of the office of the Alliance headquarters at Washington, D. C.

Describing the Alliance, Mrs. Towne states, "The International New Thought Alliance is a democratic federation of individual leaders and of schools, churches, centers and other groups who are teaching under the various New Thought names."

One of the Charter Members of the Hampden County Women's Club of Western Massachusetts, for eight years Mrs. Towne has served as chairman of program and first Vice-President, after which she served as President under rotation. As President of the Club in 1921-23, she was a prime factor in formulating the policies which have made the club famous and increased its membership from the original 15 or 20 charter members to the 510 members it possessed at the end of her two years as President.

A progressive in all her theories of life, Mrs. Towne naturally was attracted to the Progressive Party, and with her husband, was a delegate to the Progressive Convention, which nominated Roosevelt for President in 1912 and 1916.

Altogether, Mrs. Towne's experience in Religious organizations and Women's Club affairs, not to mention her years as a lecturer and writer, fits her superlatively well for a career as a public servant. Here's hoping she will travel a long way.

* * *

SOME time ago I saw Joel O. Cheek on a wharf in New York City, just arriving from Europe. He was going over his purchases, remembrances for friends and carefully protecting his trophies. The action was an indication of the big-hearted boy from Tennessee who has never outgrown the impulse to be always giving something to someone. He had had a glorious trip and he wanted to share it with

others. In a few days he was at his desk working as he has worked since a lad because he loves the work and loves to share the pennies that the work brings him, with others.

In the following sketch, Horace Wade, the boy journalist—a close friend of Mr. Cheek, describes the man in a well-written appreciation that will interest every reader of the *National Magazine*.

"I met recently a master mind in the domain of business. His name is a household word, and his directing energy has planted the banner of his enterprise wherever civ-



Joel O. Cheek

ilization smiles. I, being of Southern ancestry, though of Western antecedents, naturally referred to the amazing progress of Dixie in the past decade, blossoming, as it is, like the Gardens of the Gods. And we discussed leisurely the forces that were working in that favored land to hasten an era of development that will astound a world, even though inured to the miracles of modern genius in developing natural resources.

"From this material we veered to the 'human equation,' the men whose generalship is the real Aladdin's lamp. 'I regard Joel O. Cheek of Nashville, Tenn., as the outstanding business or commercial figure of the new South,' he said with all the emphasis of finality. Knowing much of Mr. Cheek and his initiative, executive ability and indefatigable energy, I concurred in this opinion. It was praise worthily bestowed.

"Joel O. Cheek was not born to the royal purple; no primrose path welcomed his early footsteps. A country schoolmaster when in his teens, he had far fewer opportunities than tens of thousands of young men today who have the adventitious leverage of University training and financial

resources with which to meet the problems of life. Feeling the urge for accomplishing bigger things, he left his Kentucky environment, the little red school house and the parental roof, and with a few dollars in his pocket, went to Nashville.

"So tireless was his energy, so courageously did he meet difficulties that would have crushed a less intrepid spirit, that in five years, when still a very young man, he was made a partner in the house with which he was identified as a salesman. With this added spur his genius as a salesman (not an order taker) found finer expression and a wider scope for its exercise.

"It was not long before he turned his attention to coffee, and sensed the possibilities that lay in the aromatic little Brazilian berry. There is real romance behind the efforts of this man to perfect a blend that would excel anything ever offered coffee lovers,—and their name is legion. For years he worked with it, jeopardizing every cent he had, and giving long, tedious hours to experiment.

"It can be well said that he staked his last dollar on the success of this venture, and pooled every resource, mental and spiritual in a determination to win. His success even surpassed his own expectations. In a few years Maxwell House Coffee was steaming on hundreds of thousands of breakfast tables in the South, and the way opened up for making it the national beverage. This was no easy task, but Joel O. Cheek, with inflexible will said 'It can be done.' He knew his coffee blend, and knew that with an educational campaign he could make the coffee drinkers of the nation familiar with its delightful flavor, and that once they became votaries, their allegiance could not be shaken.

"His faith has been abundantly fulfilled, and today he is recognized as the greatest coffee merchant of all time. At strategic points all over America his great plants blazon the fame of his product, and the \$50-a-month traveling salesman has richly and deservedly 'come into his own.' Standing over six feet in height, wiry and keenly alert, he is today the ideal personification of an American business man of the type that has made this country dominant in all matters of business development.

"There is one beautiful, compelling force in this merchant prince that must not be overlooked in estimating the 'reasons why.' It is his sterling integrity, and his unflinching fealty to his religious convictions. No gentler Christian spirit was ever housed in human flesh.

* * *

FOR many years I carried on a correspondence with Clarence Hawkes and I never realized when receiving letters telling me so cheerfully and hopefully of seeing this and that, that they were from one who was blind. Later, when I heard bits of his autobiography over the radio, I realized that my correspondent in Hadley, Massachusetts, had been sightless since fourteen years of age. The catastrophe happened soon after he had painted a picture that gave promise of an artist. It

was the tragic story of Kipling's "Light That Failed." Clarence Hawkes, the author artist and naturalist, in his home in beautiful rural New England, enjoys even more of nature's glory than many who have their sight. It has been his lot to cheer on those who are so much more fortunate. Facing life when the curtain of his sight was falling, his young heart was aching to think that his eyes were closing and that he could no longer see his beloved mother in the flesh. When all the family were asleep, he stole upstairs to look at her, feeling in his own heart that it might be for the last time, and yet he rejoiced in the thought, "I can feel the radiance of her presence and now sometimes I think that the touch is even more real than the sight."

Out in the woods, led by his little sister, this blind brother reacquainted himself by the sense of touch with the flowers and plants which he had loved from early childhood. The scent and pungent odor came to him while he was writing with eyes now closed, but the surpassing wonder and mystery touched new emotions until he even sympathized with those unfortunate mortals who were indolent and unfeeling and could not appreciate the absorbing love of the beautiful in Nature that comes through the sense of touch. We never know anything until we feel it, no matter how many times we may see it. We never know a friend until we have felt what friendship means as well as look upon a smiling face until we have sacrificed in some way and know that they in turn have sacrificed for us. Then comes that binding and enduring relationship called friendship, akin to the soul, which transcends the more matter-of-fact acquaintance that comes from seeing familiar features over and over again.

Clarence Hawkes says that perhaps it was predestined that he should lose his sight. "I think it has made me long to write poems," he said with a smile. Five volumes of verse has been the result, and



Clarence Hawkes and "Bo"

these are among the few books of poems that yield a tangible revenue. His "Mountain to the Pine," is an English classic and Steadman includes it in his Anthology. "How Massa Lincoln Came," evoked the praise of Lincoln's living son, Robert T. Lincoln, who insisted it was the best poem about his father he had ever read. Revenue from poetry was too slow for this energetic soul and he took up writing on nature subjects. His mental whiffs from the woods and fields and living things are refreshing.

The introduction to his autobiography was written by no less an eminent nature lover and writer than Dallas Lore Sharp. With two publishers in America, one in

London and one in Denmark and strange to say, Denmark is the most fertile field for nature books, Clarence Hawkes' books are distributed the wide world over.

His book, "Hitting the Dark Trail" gives the graphic and tragic story of his life. It has been printed in four kinds of type for the blind and was made a gift to the blind soldiers of France. The eminent dramatist and critic, Eugene Brieux, who had charge of the educational work among the country's blind, had it translated and printed and distributed among France's five thousand soldiers blinded in the war and insists that Clarence Hawkes has done more to stimulate and inspire the blind of France than any other American author.

Day by day, people make their pilgrimages to Hadley, Massachusetts, where Clarence Hawkes, the naturalist lives. It is easily located as the Bird Hotel and the avalanche of songs coming from the birds in the trees, herald the fact that Clarence Hawkes lives there with the happy companionship of his feathered friends.

You may find him deep in his books for he is an omniverous reader. Although he must follow the delicate touch of fingers, he is an omniverous reader and counts eighty books as a modest allowance to read in the isolation of a New England winter. One summer he read the Italian poets and in another, Browning.

Living in a realm apart from the busy city, his letters indicate how closely he keeps in touch with the swift moving course of current events. There was something dramatic in the moment of parting when Clarence Hawkes reached out his hand and touched the window casement pointing out toward the wide world with its hills, valleys, fields and woods—the wonderful pageant of nature, his face illumined with gratitude as he continued, "It is my world, your world, God's world" and his face radiated and beamed with that happiness that comes from a serene soul.



The new National Press Club Building, Washington, D. C. Three more stories to be added through permission by Special Act of Congress

THE National Press Building under construction in Washington will be one of the largest in the capital city. It will be three stories higher than the picture shows, due to a special Act of Congress. The building will be brought to the same height as adjacent structures and add architecturally to the City of Magnificent Distances. The building will be the home of the National Press Club and the center of newspaper activities in Washington. The building is being constructed by a corporation headed by John Hays Hammond, which represents investors from all over the country who are interested in creating a national center for the Fourth Estate, that will be profitable, self-sustaining and an enduring monument to the profession. The cost of the building will be eleven million dollars, and when completed will be dedicated with impressive ceremonies attended by many celebrities.

Carving Out a Congressional Career

Harold Giles Hoffman, young Mayor of South Amboy, hero of Verdun, descendant of James Thom, who gave "Souter Johnny" and "Tam O'Shanter" to the world of sculpture art, expects to succeed Congressman Appleby

By WILLIAM C. BRIGHT

"IT is open season for politics," is about the way the editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE angled off when he gave me this assignment, peering thoughtfully over his glasses and wiping some August perspiration from his brow.

"In the September and October numbers we generally feature a few of the outstanding figures of the fall campaign, since at that time people's thoughts turn to politics like in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," he went on as I waited for him to get to the point.

"There are at this time something like one thousand candidates for the House of Representatives in the United States, all trying to persuade the voters to send them to Washington, with about three score or more up for the Senate, while in the various states, counties and municipalities of the land, thousands of other offices are at present diligently seeking the man," with which the editor took off his glasses altogether and wiped them as if he were getting ready himself to look the list over.

And at that point I proposed the name of Harold Giles Hoffman, hero of Verdun, young mayor of South Amboy, N. J., Republican candidate for Congress from the Third Congressional District of New Jersey, where I live, for the honors.

Still only thirty years old, and possessing so many unusual qualifications, with one of the most winning personalities, it would be hard to find one among the thousand odd above mentioned so exceptional in every way as this G.O.P. candidate, and we therefore both agreed that he should come first in our calculations.

Since that is such a broad statement, it may be well to enumerate roughly, before going into detail, why we thought as we did about Mr. Hoffman. Editors and writers, like the voters, are all from Missouri around election time. Although politics to some may appear to be a great sport, the same as Polo, to the most of us it is a serious business, on which the fate of individuals and nations hangs.

First comes Mayor Hoffman's youth—there are not many of these congressional candidates in the running only thirty years of age, as he is. Second, he is the great grand-son of one of the world's greatest sandstone sculptors and the grandson of one of America's great painters. Third, fourth, fifth, and so on, he is already a successful mayor, banker, veteran of the world-war, legislator, writer, artist, and popular after-dinner speaker. As a storyteller, it is predicted, he will some day take the place of Chauncey M. Depew. Besides, Hoffman has much more in the way of a background fitting him for a seat in the

halls of the National legislative body. But this is enough for introductory purposes; enough, so far as he is concerned at least, to explode the popular fallacy, that men who fail at everything else become candidates for Congress.

Before writing this article, I called on Mayor Hoffman at the South Amboy Trust



At twenty-one H. G. Hoffman was commanding an infantry company north of Verdun

Company, of which he is an officer and director—in fact, the active head of the institution,—the youngest, I believe, in the State. Knowing him personally, he invited me to attend the Rotary dinner with him, where I learned that he was president of that as well as of the Middlesex County Bankers Association, while holding down the office of mayor, secretary to the president of the New Jersey Senate, and other executive positions too numerous to mention. Later on I may prepare an addendum of all of the positions held or being held by this prospective Congressman. For the last twelve years, he has been selected to fill most of the official vacancies in his community. And that being his record in other things, he was the unanimous choice of his party to succeed the present Congressman from that district—Stuart P. Appleby, who is retiring.

Discussing Mr. Hoffman and his candidacy with other members of the South Amboy Rotary Club—containing both Republican and Democratic adherents, as well as competing bankers, the sense of the body seemed to be unanimous for the young man. A most likable chap, with a winning smile, combining a forceful personality with a decidedly friendly and sympathetic disposition, he succeeds in being independent and positive without making enemies, while his splendid sense of humor, like Lincoln's, always stands him in hand. When I asked him, for example, what he promised the voters of the district in return for his election, he promptly shot back, with a twinkle in his eye: "I might follow the practice of one candidate, who in by-gone days said 'If I am elected I'll introduce a bill to give everybody everything they want any time they want it.'"

That, in the way of a platform, would seem to omit nothing, whether a man wants the local postmastership or a berth in the foreign service, where the late President Harrison once said those who were too troublesome at home were sent!

Campaign issues this year, on which Congressional candidates have to commit themselves, are not as yet clearly defined. It is doubtful if there are any really burning questions to be decided this fall. President Coolidge is still going strong; his policy of constructive economy is pretty generally approved, which appears to fit in with the personality and program of Mayor Hoffman, who is an ardent admirer of the President.

Being a banker by profession, as well as an officeholder, he would strike one as being a good business man, the type that more and more goes in for politics. But in the case of this man, that is not all we have to go by to judge what may be expected of him. As Patrick Henry said in his famous oration, I know of no way to predict the future except by the past, which Tennyson said is an eternal landscape—too eternally much for many of us, especially politicians.

But in the case of young Hoffman we can look upon the record with equanimity. On becoming mayor of South Amboy a little less than two years ago, he gave immediate attention to the city's finances, South Amboy having reached its limit of bonded indebtedness. Although he had a council of the opposite political faith on his hands, he was successful in getting their co-operation in the rehabilitation of the public exchequer, thus indicating his ability to handle men as well as a desperate budget situation.

As an expert in municipal finance, he immediately sensed the chief source of trouble

to be the water department, operated annually at a loss of from \$20,000 to \$30,000 while under political control. His remedy was to take it out of politics and put it in



Returning from France in 1919, H. G. Hoffman married Miss Lillie Moss, his school days' sweetheart

the hands of a non-political Board of Public Works. Overcoming local opposition, he took the matter to the state legislature, where he had a measure passed authorizing the establishment of such a board, which was promptly appointed, taking office the first of this year. As a result, during the first six months of 1926, the revenues of this department exceeded those for the same period in 1925 by \$13,000, while the operation costs were reduced over \$7,500, thus holding forth prospects of wiping out a deficit that has been an annual burden to the water consumers and tax-payers of the community for years.

The above paragraph explains why Mr. Hoffman was elected mayor on the Republican ticket, in a city that is a Democratic stronghold, by a decisive majority, although he did not file a petition, his name being written in or pasted on the ballots of the primary, and although he was then but 28 years old. It also explains why the Republicans have selected him as their standard bearer in the present congressional contest, in the third district of New Jersey. This is an age of achievement—promises don't mean much to the voter any more—they want results. And they are consequently looking more and more to young men of this type, who have a record behind them as well as an El Dorado of promises ahead.

That explains in a way, too, why the editor selected the New Jersey candidate, as a good subject to feature, at a time when people's minds are being turned to politics. He is typical of the new element that is gradually grasping the reins of government—young men with splendid back-

grounds, schooled in the art of finance and administration, with social accomplishments, and forward-looking ideas. This type of politician is the remedy for high taxes—which President Coolidge and other sane people are on the war-path against.

Mayor Hoffman was at one time sporting editor on the Perth Amboy *Evening News*, in his many sided career of success, leading up to his nomination for Congress. At that time, about a dozen years ago he took a prominent part in athletics, his favorite recreation being on the football gridiron. When the war broke out he enlisted as a private with Company H. Asbury Park, Third New Jersey Infantry, under fire on the Meuse, north of Verdun, and elsewhere.

Shortly after he enlisted he was made a sergeant; at Anniston, Alabama, Camp McClellan, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant. In June, 1918, he sailed for France, with the Twenty-Ninth, "Blue & Gray" Division, and was made a First Lieutenant in September, while his troops were occupying the Haute Alsace sector, and one month later, when commanding an infantry company in the Meuse-Argonne battle, he was promoted to captain, one of the youngest officers in the A.E.F.

In a special citation, Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzhugh Lee Minnigerode, commanding the 114th infantry said: "Captain Hoffman served under my command in the stubborn engagements north of Verdun from October 8th to 31st, 1918. His courage and efficiency in battle and on the march was an inspiration to his men and made it a pleasure to recommend his promotion."

At Fort Pleno, Langres, Captain Hoffman qualified as a 37 mm. expert with the

Etraye Ridge, Battle of Molleville Farm, Grand Montagne, and Bois Belleau.

Throughout the whole period of his stay in France, letters and cablegrams still re-



Harold Giles Hoffman, Republican candidate for Congress in the third Congressional district of New Jersey

tained by Captain Hoffman, tell of a romance in which hearts at a distance seemed to grow fonder. This was with Miss Lillie Moss, accomplished daughter of Dr. Wm. P. Moss, of South Amboy, to whom he was married in September, 1918. They now have two children, Ada, a talented little miss of five summers, and Lillie, the latest addition to the happy Hoffman household, born June 30th, last. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman are favorites in the social life of New Jersey, while he is active in American Legion and fraternal circles.

Returning to the United States, he became secretary and treasurer of the South Amboy Trust Co., a position Mr. Hoffman still holds, assuming the responsibility for the active operation of the institution, along with his duties as mayor, congressional candidate, and many other executive positions, including the one as president of the Hoffman-Lehrer Realty Corporation. As president of the Middlesex County Banker's Association, and chairman of the Legislative Committee of the New Jersey Banker's Association, the regard in which fellow-bankers hold him is evidenced, while as Treasurer of the City of South Amboy for three years, and as its present mayor, pulling its financial chestnuts out of the fire, his skill in municipal finance is fully attested. And what is more, it is proof of the fact that he is a politician with a shrewd business head on his youthful shoulders.

In five political contests, Mayor Hoffman has emerged a victor, never having been defeated, and in every instance leading his party ticket. His pleasant personality, with his ability as a public speaker, seems



Little Miss Ada Hoffman enjoys a romp with her Boston bull "Bud H"

highest rating awarded at the post, and also qualified as a trench mortar expert. He is credited upon discharge with the following battles: Battle of Malbrouck Hill, Attack on Bois d'Ormont, Capture of

Where "Rolling Stone" Began a Successful Career

E. E. Murdoch's first job was picking stones at twenty cents a day, now an outstanding realtor in Montclair, New Jersey, in the foothills of the Orange Mountains, where wealthy New Yorkers and others make their homes

By DIRK P. DEYOUNG

IF there are sermons in stones, as Shakespeare tells us, E. E. Murdoch, outstanding realtor of Montclair, N. J., should know about it, for his first job was picking them off of a hilly farm in Maryland at 20 cents a day—and what is more, he had to wait for his money until the crop was harvested and marketed. That was about forty years ago.

Interviewed in a well-appointed office in the Murdoch-Fairchilds building, opposite the Lackawanna station, whence go thousands of commuters daily to their New York counting houses, Mr. Murdoch was the picture of a well-groomed man of fifty-three, with graying temples and the serenity of mature years of opulence, which looks back rather philosophically on humble beginnings and the struggle up through the years. Montclair, with its great aristocracy of wealthy residents who make their money on the island of Manhattan, has never heard the thrilling story of how this poor boy got his start in life and finally became one of the moving spirits in the development of their wonderful town, with its exclusive population of some 50,000 souls.

"Picking those stones was hard work," he went on, pulling reflectively at his nose now and then. "And I had to wait a long time for my pay.

"I remember once that I tried to get a little advance for the Fourth of July, but my boss had no cash. Instead, he offered me some old horse-shoes which had accumulated on the farm, telling me that I could sell them to the village blacksmith.

"Accordingly I raked them together and carted them thither. But when the blacksmith and some others there saw me coming, they thought it would be a good joke to give me nothing for them. The result was that I realized only twenty-five cents on my cargo."

In between stone-picking and other jobs, Mr. Murdoch managed to obtain a schooling, such schooling as it was in the rural districts in the eighties. There were no grades then, as we know them now. Everything went by readers, first to fifth, and boys were considered educated as they advanced in those readers. On this point Mr. Murdoch contributed the following, which will probably call up shades of country school life for many of us, as it was lived in the good old days in the roaring eighties:

"We had a school-teacher in that district who was very absent-minded and stayed with us for a number of years. I could only attend a few weeks in the winter months, when the snow was on the

ground, and there were no stones to pick off of the farms. And when I did get there, she could not recall which reader I had studied the previous term. I was



E. E. Murdoch, president of Murdoch-Fairchilds Company, Montclair, New Jersey

consequently going through the same book most of the time, and never got beyond the third reader."

Picking stones at twenty cents a day, from sun-up until sun-down, now no longer appealed to Mr. Murdoch at the age of 15. So he went to Newark, N. J., where his brother employed him in a shoe store for about three years.

Learning the shoe business, he got a position as road salesman for the old firm of Stacey Adams & Company—now out of business but then one of the best houses in its line. From there he went to A. J. Bates & Co., who let him out when the Spanish-American War broke out with its subsequent business depression. In 1894 he married Miss Amy R. Riker, a New Jersey girl who has shared both misfortunes and fortunes with him. Following the lost job with the Bates Company, Mr. Murdoch said he nearly starved for a while.

"I walked all the way from Fourteenth Street down Broadway to the Battery calling at many houses for a job," con-

tinued Mr. Murdoch, a grim look coming over his face, as if he were living the times over again. "It looked as if I would get nothing there, but I finally got a position selling for a hosiery firm, at \$10 a week. I was with them two weeks, and sold nothing for them, and gave up the job. I did not feel like taking their money without results. Those were pretty dull times."

Mr. Murdoch's first venture in real estate—from which he has made his comfortable fortune—consisted of purchasing a lot for \$400 in Bloomfield, N. J., paying \$50 down and the remainder monthly. When he had that paid for he borrowed \$2400 from a building and loan company and built a cottage on it to live in. Then he purchased the lot next to it, building on that, financing it in the same way, and renting it out, while the party who moved into it stayed in it long enough, at a rental of \$35 a month, to pay for the house; an argument, Mr. Murdoch thinks which favors the owning of one's own home.

With a home of his own and about \$500 in cash as working capital, Mr. Murdoch opened a real estate office in Montclair in 1909 on Spring Street, opposite the Lackawanna station, the pride of the commuter town. And here again he tells it in his own words better than I can do it:

"I could not get an office in an office building on this street then, which I considered best suited to my purposes, near the station which everybody used. I had been buying lots and building houses in a small way up to that time, making real estate my profession, and decided that Montclair offered the best opportunities. In fact, I know of nothing surer today than a well-chosen real estate investment—a selection in places where the trend of population is directed.

"So I persuaded Mr. Clayton, owner of the livery stable on Spring Street, to vacate his harness room and let me use it as a real estate office, for which I paid \$12 a month. This may be news to our many customers—who now call at our well-appointed offices—that we started our business in such humble quarters. But I think that that is the history of most men and companies. We all—or most of us—have built ourselves and our business up from a very democratic start—and we are naturally proud of a record of achievement. I meet hundreds of successful men in my work—the successful business executives of the great New York Metropolitan district—and I find that most of them have struggled up the same as I have—and they are unusually proud of it.

"In this small room, we had space for but two chairs and a desk. When I had one or two customers in it, others had to wait outside—and very frequently that happened. I remained in those quarters six months until I was able to persuade my landlord to build on the adjoining lot for me, which I took as an office—under a ten-year lease. When that expired, we built our present building."

The Murdoch-Fairchilds real estate office is one of the show places of Spring Street, Montclair, realty row in the far-famed commuter town. The business was operated by Mr. Murdoch alone until 1917, when Mr. C. A. Fairchilds, a man of splendid parts, joined him in partnership.

Montclair, with its great per-capita wealth, is a city of culture, with fine boulevards and many mansions. Every section of the community is best, according to the residents who all take great pride in the town, which has virtually no factories and breathes the pure air of the Orange mountains, that fade away in the

mists to the West, while four hundred feet below to the East across the Hudson, arise the Babylonian skyscrapers of Gotham.

In the building of this noted residential community, the boy who worked for 20 cents a day picking stones on the Maryland farm has been a central figure. He has built over \$5,000,000 worth of single dwellings in Montclair and he has sold many others which others have built. The annual sales of the Murdoch-Fairchilds Company run as high as \$7,000,000, while this firm recently consummated the sale of the Majestic Hotel in New York City, approximately a \$4,000,000 deal. From the beginning in the harness room of the Spring Street livery stable, they have now built up a sales-organization that operates all over the New York Metropolitan area, and Mr. Murdoch has since sold fine homes to many of the men who threw him out of New York buildings when he was distributing hand-bills there at \$12 a week.

Mr. Murdoch is a director of the Essex Title & Guaranty Trust Company of Montclair and the firm of Murdoch-Fairchilds has recently been appointed the Mortgage Loan Representative for New Jersey for the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston. Mr. Murdoch is interested in many building and loan companies and in many other community movements. Personally the sort of man who fits into the atmosphere of such a town as Montclair, he has become the friend and counselor of the best people of the place, from which, as the outstanding realtor, he has received substantial patronage.

But, with all of his success and good fortune, he still lives on the first plot of ground he ever owned—the one he bought for \$400 on the installment plan. What is still more unusual—he is still unspoiled by his success, affecting no airs nor foolish foppery. Boys who pick stones at 20 cents a day, and listen to the sermons they preach, generally don't.

King Albert's Contact with Business Men

Continued from page 8

steamship companies belonging to the citizens or corporations of such countries as would grant an equivalent tax exemption to the steamship companies of the United States. Our organization immediately recommended that advantage should be taken of this offer, and Denmark, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Japan, Norway and Sweden have already entered into,

Cotton Spinners' and Manufacturers' Associations and president of the Swiss National Committee of the International Chamber.

The final address was delivered by Sir Alan J. Anderson, K. B. E., deputy governor of the Bank of England; former president of the Chamber of Shipping of the

tively seen, have proved beyond doubt that Government cannot be carried on effectively and in the interest of the people, when it is over-extended and over-burdened and is engaged in activities which do not legitimately belong to Government. Under such conditions the people lose all force and Government develops into the natural attempt of those in it to favour those groups which they believe will better maintain them and at the expense of other groups. This is not the fault of individuals, but is inevitable as men are constituted.

"This is no arraignment of those men in Government who have exercised their every force for the good of their people against tremendous and overwhelming difficulties. These facts are presented with the firm conviction that no honorable man in Government will resent the formation of an enlightened public opinion which will aid him in protecting the vital interests of the people."

The party attended a luncheon given by the Antwerp Chamber of Commerce, after which the delegates, officers, their relatives and friends finally boarded the special train at the Nord Station for the return to Brussels. With the arrival in the latter city, the Congress, covering a wide variety of economic, educational topics, the sessions came to an end, making the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce, an organization to which the business men of the world have looked forward almost from time immemorial, a notable event in the history of commerce, as well as that of international comity, a never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

Third Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce in session at Brussels, Belgium



or are about to enter into, these reciprocal tax exemption agreements with the United States. Moreover, the practice is being extended to other groups of nations."

However, these affairs were but *hors d'oeuvre* to the *piece de resistance* of the day's program, the Plenary Session on Economic Restoration, under the chairmanship of M. Maurice Despret. Four speakers of importance, from four different countries, addressed the meeting. M. John Syz, the first of these, is the honorary president of the International Federation of Master

United Kingdom, and member of the Council of the International Chamber. "Shipping" was his subject.

Fred I. Kent, chairman of the Economic Restoration Committee, on "Lessons of the Post-Armistice Period," at the plenary session, proved to be not only the climax of the day's events, but one of the most important addresses of the Congress. Mr. Kent struck a keynote of great import when, in his conclusion, he asserted:

"Historical developments since the end of the World War that can now be posi-

Saul Singer, Banker, Builder *and* Benefactor

A successful New Yorker whose work in organizing the garment trade, and originating the Garment Center Capitol, of which he is president, gives him national prominence

SSAUL SINGER, banker, builder and benefactor, is the way I would introduce this prominent New Yorker in three words, if I were the toast-master at a dinner in his honor.

You would then hear a generous applause and the pleasant face of Saul Singer would beam with animation as he arose to his full stature of some five-feet-six completely captivating his audience. He would then run his fingers through his graying hair in a thoughtful manner, bring them down over his forehead, and give a slight pull at his slightly prominent nose, and say something that would make everyone at the festive board feel that he had known Saul Singer from the time of his birth, forty-three years ago, in Sevastopol, the ancient Crimean city on the Black sea.

I had heard a great deal about Saul Singer, who came to New York about twenty-six years ago, as most of the immigrants come, without a penny. His name is frequently mentioned in the newspapers of Gotham, where he is reported to have made a sizeable fortune and a name "as good as gold." He is a very busy little man, busy as a banker, busy as a builder of skyscrapers, busy as a benefactor, and busy, busy, busy in countless other ways. Yet, with all that business, he was not too occupied to see me for a few moments recently at the Bank of the United States, of which he is vice-president, an institution with resources of over \$82,000,000.

Although Mr. Singer came to America with no capital, he had more opportunities in the old world than the rank and file of incoming immigrants. Sevastopol, where he was born and educated, has a history that goes back to the days of the Romans and Greeks, while in more recent times it was a rendezvous for the old Russian aristocracy, and as a boy he acquired much of the atmosphere and culture of that ancient port, where his father was the head of a flourishing business, and where he acquired a good education, including the knowledge of languages which were freely spoken in that international trading center.

But once in the United States, with all of its opportunities, it is not so easy to pick the right occupation overnight. With Mr. Singer's education and training, a clerical position in a bank or trading house might have been the most logical thing for him to undertake. Yet with his father's guidance he was steered into the garment industry—then a very disorganized trade, where he learned the business from the ground up, starting in the cutting room of a concern on Division Street in 1900. And the rise

By CHRISTOPHER PAPE

from that humble beginning to the presidency of the Garment Center Capitol—an institution of national significance—together with all the other honors and financial rewards of a quarter of a century of effort—may seem like the story of Cinderella to some, but to Saul Singer and those who



Saul Singer, president of the Garment Center Capitol

analyze his career closely, it is the direct result of his philosophy applied—that success is the result of getting right on things.

As for the garment industry, in which he won his first spurs, he has steadfastly maintained that it is a profession which should rank very high, the same as the designers of fashion in Paris. He believes that the members of this great industry in New York and elsewhere should be very proud of their occupations—that of designing and manufacturing apparel for American women—the finest and best dressed women in the world. And, as such, they should get together into guilds or other trade associations for the purpose of eliminating bad practices and promoting higher standards generally for the great needle craft—a craft that should rank second to none among the present day occupations. That idea and ideal of his was consummated in the building of the Garment Center Capitol, of which he is president, of which I shall speak in more detail later.

Beginning humbly, as a designer and maker of garments, Mr. Singer rose to first

place in the industry within ten years, living up to the principles he professed. First, the product of his factory was the product of people who took pride in their craft, contented workers, who were always giving their best to their employer. Second, he inaugurated the ethical standard of one price, one discount, for all his customers, large or small. Third, he did away with the old practice of entertaining buyers, an abuse that led to many irregularities in the trade. In the selling end he co-operated with the retailer in such a way as to facilitate the movement of goods. And added to all of these things he was constantly promoting better standards for the trade as a whole.

As a consequence he was elected president of the Cloak and Suit Manufacturers Association, a position which he held for two years. During his terms of office he did a great deal to establish a spirit of conciliation between employers and employees, as well as promoting higher ideals for the industry generally. While president of that organization he had charge of the various Liberty Loan drives, which always went over the top, and in one evening, by a novel method, raised \$332,000 from the members thereof for one of New York's hospitals. Moreover, during the war, Governor Smith appointed Mr. Singer to the New York State Labor Board, on which he successfully handled all labor disputes within the State.

Succeeding Governor Smith, Governor Miller appointed Mr. Singer to the Board of State Compensation, having supervision of workmen, and when Smith was re-elected governor, he was re-appointed to the position. Other honors of that type which have come to him, was an invitation from Governor Trinkle of Virginia to co-operate in the drive for the purchase of Monticello, as a national memorial to Thomas Jefferson. A study of the life of Jefferson has been one of Mr. Singer's hobbies.

Mr. Singer is married and has four children. His oldest son, already in college, is studying law. Still only forty-three and as one who has gravitated to the top in one of the greatest industries of the land, he is entitled to much praise, while his philosophy of success, getting into a thing right and sitting tight, is worthy of wider emulation.

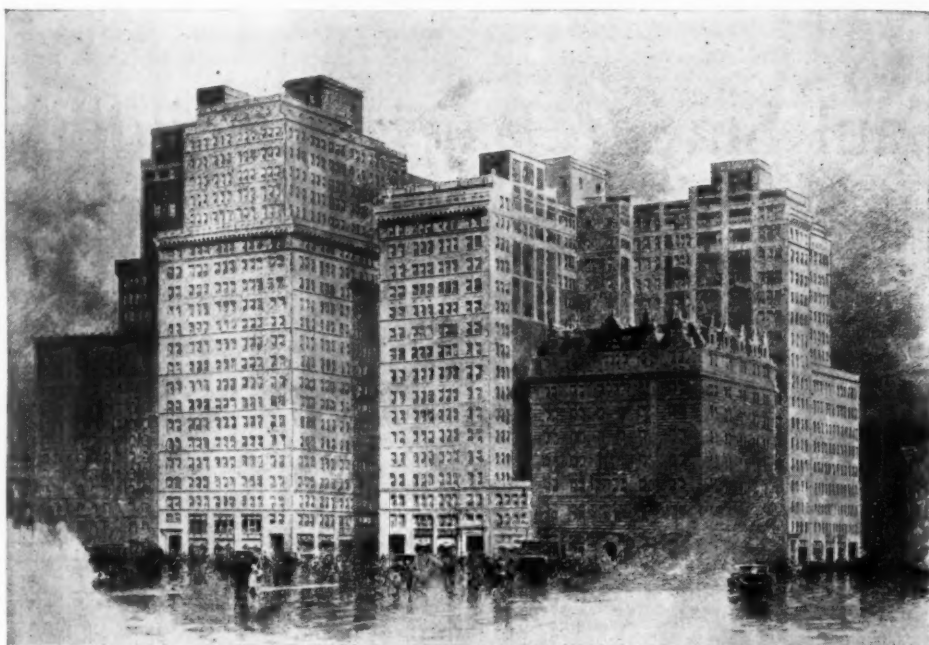
With success crowning his ideals and his efforts in the garment industry—a success that was characterized by an establishment with 800 employees under one roof—the largest of its kind in the country, Mr. Singer began to branch out into other lines, such as banking and building. His

position in the Bank of the United States has already been noted, while at present he is building a thirty-five story structure in Brooklyn. But it is in the building of the Garment Center Capitol that he rises to his greatest heights, as a practical dreamer, builder, and benefactor.

According to Mr. Singer mankind symbols strength, solidity, permanency and federation in buildings. The capitol at Washington is not only a place in which to transact business of the Federal Government, it is the emblem of all the virtues to which the American aspires. Thus with this idea in mind, as well as the practical side of concentrating the garment industry of New York city into one district adapted to the business, the Garment Center Capitol was conceived and brought into being, largely through his leadership, with a number of public spirited men co-operating.

There again Mr. Singer's fundamental philosophy was applied. When this idea was first conceived, no one except Mr. Singer thought it could be done. The garment makers of the great metropolis were not a homogenous group. They were poorly organized and scattered over different parts of the city, with most of the establishments located on Fifth Avenue—now an important retail street of the city. The object in view was therefore manifold. Fifth Avenue was to be preserved as a retail center—the greatest of its kind in the world; the garment industry was to be centralized in a different section—on seventh avenue—and by bringing them closer together in buildings more suitable for the trade, it was to be standardized more and brought into a more harmonious relationship, fashioned somewhat after the great guilds of Europe. In other words, like other great industries, the whole garment making business was to take on a new aspect—one of dignity due its importance as one of the leading occupations of the country. It was an ideal, Mr. Singer knew that it was right in principle, and since he had always succeeded on that theory before, his whole heart went into this undertaking.

Originally fourteen men joined with him in the undertaking which was later increased to thirty-two with a working capital of \$7,000,000, with which the construction of the buildings known as the Garment Center Capitol was begun. That was in 1918. In 1919 it was completed. It con-



Garment Center Capitol, the nucleus of the garment industry of New York City

tains factory space, show rooms, club rooms, emergency hospital, and other conveniences for those who take quarters there, and is a building of architectural beauty, symboling, as said before, the ideals to which members of the craft now aspire, covering over two blocks in New York City, a building which has no equal in trade circles anywhere else in the world.

The result of this move has been tremendous—of national scope, and a success for beyond the founder's fondest dreams. In the amazingly short space of five years, in and around this Garment Center Capitol Building—that section located between 32nd and 43rd street and bounded by Broadway and the Hudson river, with seventh avenue as its financial bourse—in and about the Bank of which Saul Singer is vice-president—has now become known as Garment Borough, with none other than this same Saul Singer as its Mayor, in which we have another fine proof of the pudding of the Singer philosophy—that right thinking, and acting on it, is all that is needed for success. In this great undertaking, with one stroke, he demonstrates his genius as a banker, as a builder, and as a benefactor to a great industry.

The Save New York Association and 5th Avenue Association and a number of other civic organizations are arranging to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the Garment Center Capitol.

Officials of the city, state and nation, as well as other leaders, will then assist in the presentation of a magnificent bronze table to the institution. This will commemorate the erection of this industrial city within the greater city of New York—and the migration of the needle trades from their dreary shambles in Fifth Avenue to the imposing quarters designed for them by this man who came to America penniless a quarter of a century ago.

Besides its factories with working space for 12 thousand employees, Garment Center Capitol has an efficient hospital completely equipped and directed by resident doctors and nurses. Garment Center Capitol Club, occupying two floors of the buildings, is one of the best equipped clubs in the country, with a palatial restaurant. Its Italian roof garden yields a panoramic view of the Hudson and the Palisades, while the show-rooms of this palace of industry, equal those of Paris—the capitol of fashion.

This institution, as Mr. Singer anticipated, has been the means of elevating the standards of the trade. It is a recommendation to have this address, a badge of distinction the same as membership in an honorable guild. And as recognition of his work in bringing these scattered operators into one district especially suited to their craft, Mayor Walker has selected Mr. Singer as a member of the City Planning Committee. Thus while he has been conspicuous as a successful banker and builder, it is as a benefactor that he is most widely acclaimed. For this, authorities say, he has done: saved Fifth Avenue for retail trade uses and brought New York's greatest industry together and housed it.



Part of club rooms in Garment Center Capitol



Dining room in Garment Center Capitol

The American "Thank You" League

Roy Crandall's great idea is already brightening up the dark corners. One writer secured a \$5000 prize by advising people to say "Thank you." How much the simple courtesies of life mean in everyday affairs of life

Here for the first time the underlying reason for the formation of the American Thank You League has been revealed by its creator—a pledge of secrecy made months ago having recently been withdrawn—The Editor.

COURTESY is a good deal like good words, kind works, public schools and a savings bank account. Everyone agrees on the subject but few get down to a practical application of doing something for the good of the order. It remained for Roy Crandall, well-known writer, author and publicity expert to utilize and popularize "Thank You" and to prove its value as an aid to business.

He forged ahead and organized the first American Thank You League and received no thanks but he had a lot of fun out of it and he gained an intimate knowledge of the American mind while propagating universal courtesy.

Today there are thousands of members of Crandall's American Thank You League and the time has arrived to tell them why they were asked to enroll and thus become members of the amazingly popular Courtesy Army.

It was just another publicity stunt—an inspiration Mr. Crandall received from two sources. A vast corporation operating thousands of stores offered a prize for the best answer to the query: "How can we best popularize and improve our business?"

One of Crandall's friends—the well-known Jarr Family humorist, Roy McCardell, scrawled on a post card the laconic gem: "Make your clerks say *Thank You*. Despite the fact that thousands of earnest souls had submitted, learned treatises on business methods, McCardell was awarded a prize of \$5000 and when he jubilantly told his friend Crandall of the event, another idea was germinated and a very generous proportion of the American people were drafted as aids to an exploitation campaign. William Fox was preparing to launch a motion picture entitled "Thank You" and Crandall was entrusted with the task of conducting the publicity campaign that was to make it a winning success.

Suddenly from a University club went forth 1000 cards addressed to men famed in all walks of life. It was a membership card in the "greatly needed American Thank You League." With it was a lengthy letter which simply screamed for a reply because its initial sentence was: "Are Americans the most impolite people in the world?"

One thousand newspapers received a story the following day. That story demanded publication and comment because it caused the American editors to fly to the defense of American courtesy. In 10 days Crandall found that he had bred a whirlwind. Not only did hundreds sign the membership cards but thousands, reading of the League formation in the newspapers wrote for information and asked to be enrolled. Editorial comment in hundreds of newspapers ran not to columns—but to miles. Twenty-one large scrap-books were filled with editorial com-



ROY CRANDALL

ment in the first seven weeks and eight more books were filled with letters.

Learned professors, great lawyers, senators, governors, congressmen, doctors, prize fighters, actors, aviators—men of fame throughout the land wrote in praise of the plan. It hit the big hotel men hard. They met and passed resolutions of endorsement and the matter was made the subject of a half day debate at a convention at Cedarpoint and three hundred men signed a testimonial and forwarded it to the now bewildered organizer. His League was getting away from him. Sweeping across the land chain stores prepared "Thank You" stickers and affixed thousands on show cases, windows and wagons and the matter was brought up for discussion at scores of conventions. Hundreds of letters reached Crandall asking what the *real purpose* was, because to many it was difficult to understand why a man should devote his time and energies to a cause so great without financial reward.

All letters were answered but the fact

that the American Thank You League was merely a preliminary advance step in the plan to publicize a motion picture, was never mentioned.

* * *

When 20,000 men and women had enrolled, Crandall pondered and wondered. He had planned to elect some nationally famous man as president and then startle the country by telling his thousands of ardent "American Thank You Leaguers" that they were assistant publicity works, all engaged in creating interest in a motion picture.

It looked dangerous. There was the possibility that some would be angered. The hoax was really too great. Mr. Crandall conferred with Will Hays and Colonel Jason Joy of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors Association—the powerful organization that directs the industry.

"Your plan worked too well," said Joy. "I advise that you forget your original purpose and refrain from tying the League and the picture together. Thousands who wondered why this Thank You League was formed would laugh, but others would be angered. Let it be your gift to the American people. It is making people say Thank You who never said it before; it has actually caused many to think of Courtesy in everyday business life and therefore the League has more than justified itself."

And thus the American Thank You League came into being. It was born for a purpose but it never fulfilled it. Fortunately there was no need because this particular motion picture "Thank You" was destined to great success as soon as it was launched. It was produced by Mr. Fox for the purpose of aiding 170,000 underpaid Protestant clergymen—the plan being the outcome of a conference between Mr. Fox, Mr. John Golden, who produced the play originally as a comedy, and Mr. Will Hays, the "Czar of the movies."

Mr. Hays is the head of a vast lay committee that is pledged to raise a retiring, or pension fund of \$15,000,000 for the undersalaried ministers. The motion picture rights to *Thank You* were placed at \$60,000. Mr. Golden offered to reduce the price by \$59,999. Mr. Fox offered to assemble a cast of the leading screen artists, make a superb production and donate to the fund "just as high a percentage of the gross receipts as Will Hays dare ask" and General Hays laughed as he said: "You'll be startled at my daring."

"You gentlemen are doing a generous

Continued on page 44

The Evolution of El Jobe-An

The new road completed from the Tamiami Trail to the new city in Florida which Joel Bean visualized in his peek into the future—The people going south to build and live

WHEN Joel Bean, the founder and sponsor for El Jobe-An completed his five mile road from the Tamiami Trail to the new city on Charlotte Harbor, it was realized that the pathway had been blazed for his great plans in building an ideal city in Florida. The wide paved road leads direct from the Tamiami Trail to the city located on the salt water of the Myakka Beach. The large operating base, housing dormitories, hotel, many beautiful bungalows of the Spanish type and other construction work completed, reveals a crystallization of some of the plans shown on the map a year ago.

Known as one of the most successful real estate men in Massachusetts, having transformed waste lands at Nantasket Beach into the beautiful community known as Kenberma Park, Joel Bean is adding new laurels in his Florida work. Last winter his picture was taken on Boston Common during a blizzard when his overcoat was covered with snow and ice and sleet. In forty hours another picture was taken under the palms of El Jobe-An. These two pictures tell the story graphically as to why Florida is moving rapidly forward today in every line of construction work. It is one spot on the map in the U. S. A. that can guarantee a balmy summer climate during the whole frigid months of winter. A photograph of Joel Bean was also taken on that eventful winter day on the beach, in the forest of pines surrounding the new city. The vegetation indicates a strong and productive soil, which is the basis for further

plans of developing profitable five-acre tracts in the back country surrounding El Jobe-An.

Naturally enthusiastic concerning the land of promise, Mr. Bean has summarized the situation in a practical way.



West Railroad Avenue through Wards One and Seven.

"Business men as well as the people at large throughout the country are realizing that this southward movement to Florida can neither be stemmed nor stayed. It is the most profitable field for legitimate investment in America. Straight-thinking men who have taken the trouble to inform themselves of what is actually being done in Florida today are realizing that her great natural resources are more easily and readily turned into wealth than the resources of any one of the other forty-eight states. There has been and will be no slump in real estate values in Florida. On the other hand they are steadily increasing because of the tremendous earning power of fertile lands and the health sustaining qualities of the wonderful climate. Well selected and intelligently priced real estate remains the bed rock of security not only in Florida, but elsewhere.

"The railroad construction and equipment calling for one hundred and fifty millions; the highway improvement of one hundred and twenty millions, the public utility program of expenditure involving one hundred and eight millions totals nearly four hundred million dollars to be expended in Flor-

ida in the way of substantial and enduring improvements. The railroads moved double the amount of building materials in Florida during May, 1926, than in the same month during the boom a year previous. More farms are being bought and developed by real dirt farmers in Florida than at any other time in her history."

It must be gratifying for Joel Bean to look upon the site he selected as the future El Jobe-An evolved into the reality of a thriving community. It comprises twenty-five hundred acres situated near the mouth of Myakka River at the head of Charlotte Harbor, one of the most beautiful on the Florida coast. Midway between Sarasota and Fort Myers on the west coast, it is within fifty miles of the location where Henry Ford is conducting his great experimental farm of eighty-two hundred acres, and not far from the Lake Okeechobee District which has already been counted one of the nation's most profitable farming sections. Ten miles away is located Punta Gorda, the thriving little capital city of Charlotte County.

Ringling Brothers have carried through their wonderful development at Sarasota and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers own a large area of 27,000 acres a little north of El Jobe-An on the Tamiami Trail and are planning to expend millions of



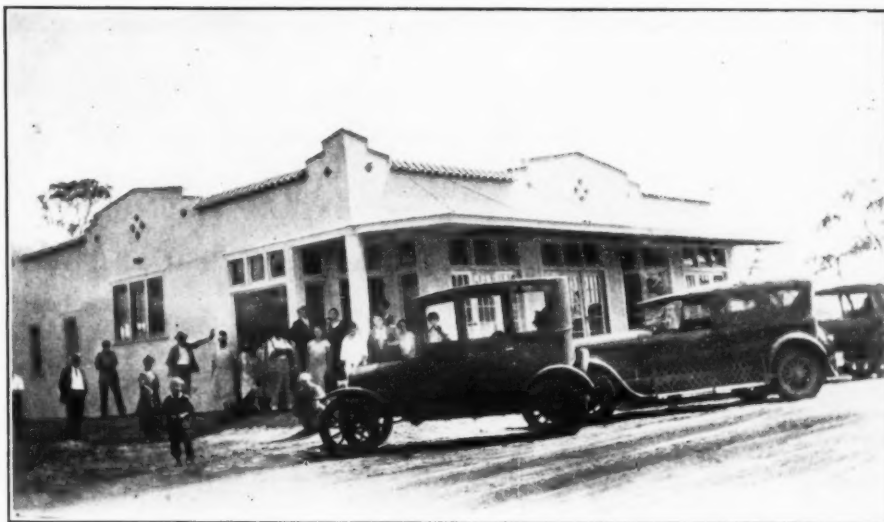
Joel Bean's picture on Boston Common in winter



Joel Bean at El Jobe-An forty hours after having picture taken in Boston

dollars in developing that section. The new city of El Jobe-An is laid out on economic principles to provide for future growth in population and commercial expansion. It is divided into six wards each with its own civic center bordering on a circular plaza, surrounded by a hundred-foot boulevard from which radiate six main thoroughfares, eighty feet wide, in the form of a hexagon, where they connect with similar avenues in the adjacent wards on to the alluring shores of white sand which provide six miles of bathing beach. The Seaboard railroad already has a station on the property making direct through connections with Boca Grande, where the pirate, Gasparela, ruled in centuries past, but which has now been transformed into one of America's most select resorts. Charlotte Harbor is the center of Florida's great fishing industry, representing an income of twenty million dollars every year to the fishermen, making it the "Grand Banks" of fishing grounds on southern waters.

The attractions of fishing, sunshine and balmy climate that drew the tourists to this favored spot years ago. The test of the



This is the center one of the circular community settlements where plenty of parking space is provided

by Mary L. Stone, which has the swing and the rhythm of "Hiawatha" and reflects the enthusiasm of those who are enjoying pioneer days in El Jobe-An:

THE VISION OF EL JOBE-AN

MARY L. STONE

(With apologies to Longfellow)

Where men lived as friend and brother,
To the land of golden sunshine,
Land of promise and contentment,
On a search for nature's Eden
Came a man of vision, seeking,
Armed with neither bow nor arrow
But with purpose fixed and steady
Came he to the land of plenty,
Where the ground was all made ready.

On the shores of old Myakka,
Mid the pines and the palmettos,
Rose a spot of rarest beauty
And he rested from his journey.
Closed his tired eyes in slumber
Where the moonbeams shone the whitest
Gave himself to nature's keeping
With a heart filled with thanksgiving.

Then around him rose a vision,
Of a city long-enduring
Filled with happy homes and gardens,
And the laughing shouts of children;
Where men lived as friend and brother,
Where they cherished one another,
Not Nirvana, but fair Eden,
And a place of clean endeavor.

Every stranger shall be welcome,
If his stay be short or long,
In the hope that each new-comer
Add his voice to our glad song.
Then three cheers for El Jobe-An,
Now a "City in the Making."
And then three more for him who
Voiced the undertaking.



Over six miles of salt-water bathing beach is provided at the mouth of the Myakka River

climate of El Jobe-An as a residential city all the year round is not surpassed by any other point in Florida. This is confirmed by a recent letter dated July 30th written by Edith Lawrence of Medford, Massachusetts, dated at El Jobe-An.

"It seems unbelievable to realize that Florida has been cooler these hot summer days than Massachusetts. I have read of the extreme heat in the north and prostration and none of it here. We have a nice breeze always and you are cool when you keep out of the sun. This is called the rainy season. A little shower comes up once or twice a day and is all over in a short time. People think you cannot live here the year around. In El Jobe-An you certainly can. Located on Myakka River, we always have a breeze from the Gulf. I don't know how a doctor can make a living in El Jobe-An because everyone is so healthy. You never hear of anyone being sick. It is certainly a beautiful spot."

The climate also inspired a poem written



The undergrowth indicates the strength and fertility of soil for the five-acre farming tracts with which it is planned to surround El Jobe-An



Tickleweed and Feathers



FREE OPINION

It was on a western railroad that the following dialogue took place. The conductor had been his rounds and had taken a seat beside a very quiet and unassuming passenger.

"Pretty full train," finally observed the passenger.

"Yes."

"Road seems to be doing a good business."

"Oh, the road makes plenty of money, but—"

"But what?" asked the passenger, as the other hesitated.

"Bad management. It is the worst-managed line in this whole country."

"Is that so?"

"That's so. The board of officials might know how to run a sideshow to a circus, but they can't tackle a railroad."

"Who is the biggest fool in the lot?"

"Well, the superintendent is."

"I'm glad of that," said the passenger, as his face lighted up. "I was afraid you would say it was the chairman of the board."

"Suppose I had?"

"Well, I'm the man!"

TENDER AGE

A certain attorney pulled a funny one in Los Angeles police court the other day. He had been called on a speeding case because his client had been so careless as to run into some one.

The case had been laid before the judge,

who turned to the attorney and asked, "Why isn't your client here? I would like to have questioned him personally about this case."

"Well, your honor," replied the attorney, he's terribly unstrung; in fact he's in much worse condition than the man he hit. You see," he added, "my client has only driven his car two weeks and still looks at a motor-car accident from the pedestrian's point of view."

△ △ △

IN AND OUT

An inmate of a certain penal institution recently received a call from the warden, who said:

"I understand you got in prison on account of a glowing mining prospectus."

"Yes," admitted the gentlemanly prisoner. "I was quite optimistic."

"Well," continued the warden, "the governor wants a report on conditions in this prison. I want you to write it."

△ △ △

DIPLOMACY

The Young Bride (looking in a window of jewelry store)—George, I'd love to have that bracelet."

The Husband—I can't afford to buy it for you, dear.

The Bride—But if you could you would, wouldn't you?

The Husband—I'm afraid not.

The Bride—Why?

The Husband—It isn't good enough, dear.

The Bride—Oh, you darling!

WOULDN'T HANDICAP HIMSELF

Pat and Mike were working on the railroad track. A freight train appeared unexpectedly around a curve. Mike jumped from the track, but Pat dropped his shovel and took to his heels in front of the train.

The engineer whistled, but Pat kept running, and finally rolled off the rails just as the train was about to run him down.

"Why didn't ye git off the track, ye fool?" demanded Mike.

"Well, ye see," panted Pat, "it was better runnin' on the track."

—Exchange

△ △ △

CELESTIAL EXPLANATION

An ancient, and the only Chinaman in a certain town, is the possessor of several dozen chickens, and has long been in the habit of supplying the lone grocery store in the village with its weekly quota of eggs. One day, during the moulting season, he sauntered in without the customary bucketful.

"Well," demanded the merchant, "no eggs for me today?"

"Nopee," replied the official egg-purveyor. "Me tella you why not gotum. Chicken he changum pants. He no layum now."

△ △ △

FIERCE VARIETY

Engineer—And poor Harry was killed by a revolving crane.

Englishwoman—My word! What fierce birds you have in America.

Carving Out a Congressional Career

Continued from page 34

to win its way for him in the campaigns. In 1922 and 1923, he was elected to the State Assembly. In 1922, although Ex-Governor Silzer and Senator Edwards, Democrats, swept Middlesex County by approximately 7,000 votes, he won out handsomely and received nearly 1,000 more votes than his nearest Democratic opponent, who, by the way, is his Democratic opponent for Congress this year. In the fall of 1923, he ran 1,800 votes ahead of him in the county. During the session of 1926, he served as the secretary to Morgan F. Larson, president of the State Senate. Mr. Hoffman has always got a large vote among the women, where his frank and friendly way, together with his inimitable stories, put him across.

On his maternal side Captain Hoffman is the great-grand-son of James Thom, the noted sandstone sculptor, among whose studies were "Sauter Johnny" and "Tam O' Shanter," in Edinburgh, being consid-

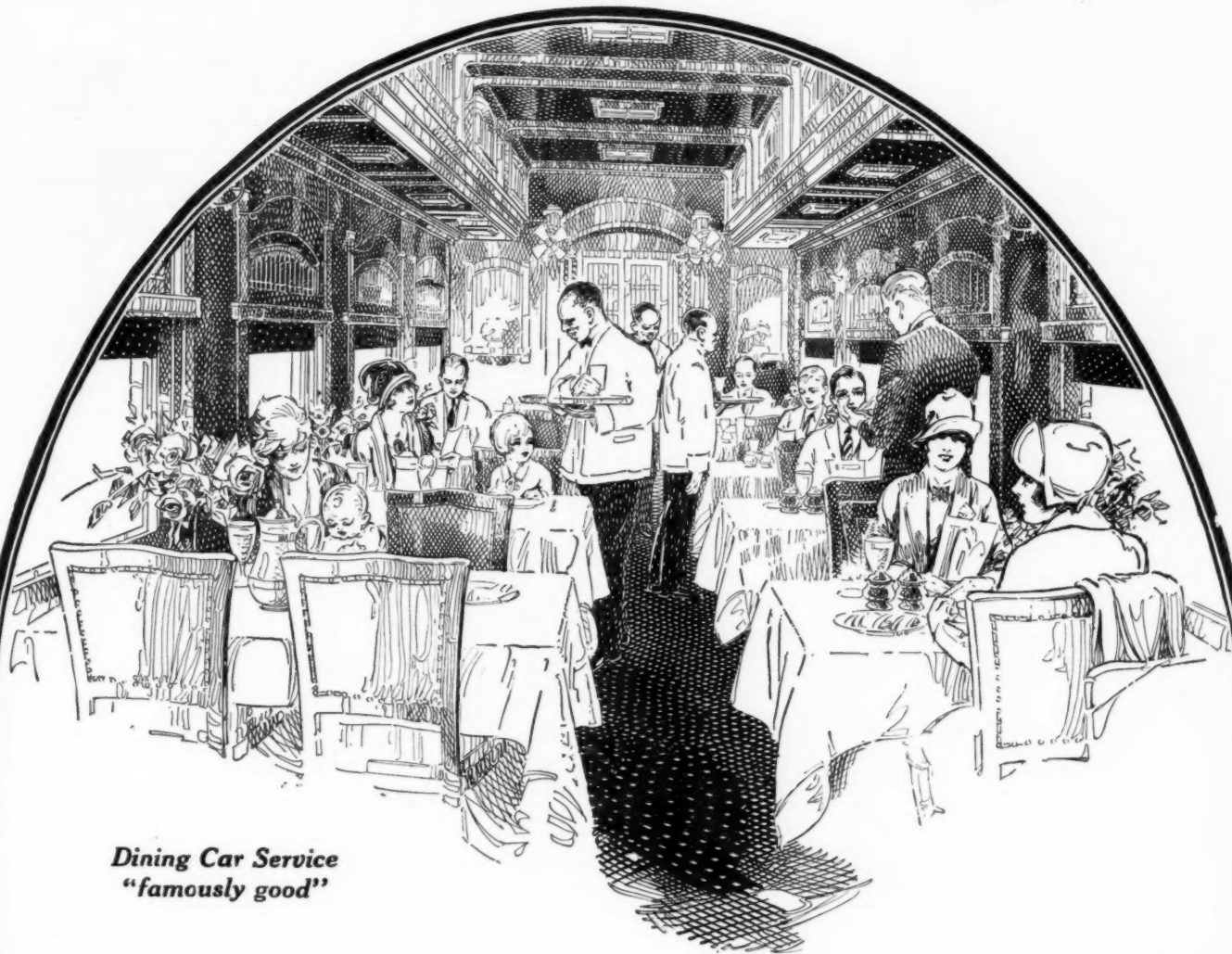
ered the world's best work in sculptural art of that class. His grandfather, on his mother's side, was James Crawford Thom, noted American artist, pupil of Edouard Frere, whose paintings were exhibited in London at the National Academy of Design and at the International Exhibit at Paris, where he won a gold medal. From this line of descent he has inherited considerable of an artistic temperament, which has budded into writing of poems, sketches, and amateur painting and cartoon efforts, thus giving him the many-sided accomplishments of soldier, artist, business man, financier, and public official, a rare combination in one person.

* * *

His immediate parents were Frank and Ada Crawford (Thom) Hoffman, the father formerly head of the Middlesex County detective service. He was educated in the public schools of South Amboy, with a

special course in the University of Dijon, France.

The Third Congressional District of New Jersey comprises Middlesex, Monmouth, and Ocean counties, rich and populous, with a large agricultural, industrial, and resort area, bordering on the Staten Island Sound and the Atlantic Ocean. Based on past performances Captain Hoffman appears to be equipped for the job of looking after these interests in Washington, while from past election performances his election in this normally Republican section would also seem probable. In case of his election, I am sure that he will give a good account of himself at the National Capitol, where his youthful wit and wisdom will be a great asset in the halls of Congress. As said before, he is representative of that new type of statesman, with a solid background, carving out a congressional career, in which a constantly growing number of voters put their trust. May their tribe increase.



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"Abie's Irish Rose"

Continued from page 12

American Bernhardt, and ran away from a fashionable school in the Philadelphia suburbs. With \$36 in her pockets she came to New York and secured a room at a theatrical boarding house on Thirty-Seventh street. Her room-mate was a prima donna.

"Don't let 'em know you haven't had any experience," she told Miss Nichols. "If they ask you 'Can you dance?' say 'Yes!' Say 'yes' to everything they ask you about your accomplishments."

When she had broken her last \$5 Miss Nichols got a part in "The Shepherd King." A man by the name of Moberly, from Macon, Ga., was casting it and he recognized her southern accent and became interested in her. She stayed with the "Shepherd King" two weeks until they reduced her salary from \$18 to \$15 a week.

There followed years in stock companies and pictures and minor parts. In 1920 Miss Nichols retired from the stage, and was then a successful playwright.

She began writing plays when she was in a Fiske O'Hara production. Her husband, Henry Duffey, had the juvenile role. The play was lagging and Miss Nichols began inserting some of her humor in her husband's lines. The play picked up.

"You might as well write me a whole play as one part," Mr. O'Hara said.

Before she had finished, she is said to have written seven for him. "Just Married" ran a year, and "Linger Longer Letty," paid her royalties for eighty-two weeks. She was, therefore, already established as a playwright when, early in 1922, she put "Abie's Irish Rose" on paper.

Miss Nichols offered it to all the New York managers. They refused it. Morosco would not produce it in town, but she persuaded him, by offering to pay all the expenses of a failure and to take only one-tenth of the profits, to produce it in California. The play ran forty-six weeks in California. After it had run twelve, Miss Nichols asked Morosco to bring it to New York. The season was May, and it is risky setting a play on the troubled theatrical waters in the summer.

"Wait till fall," Morosco said.

Miss Nichols wouldn't wait. She and Morosco parted company. Critics panned Abie unmercifully, and declared that Miss Nichols had written the world's worst play.

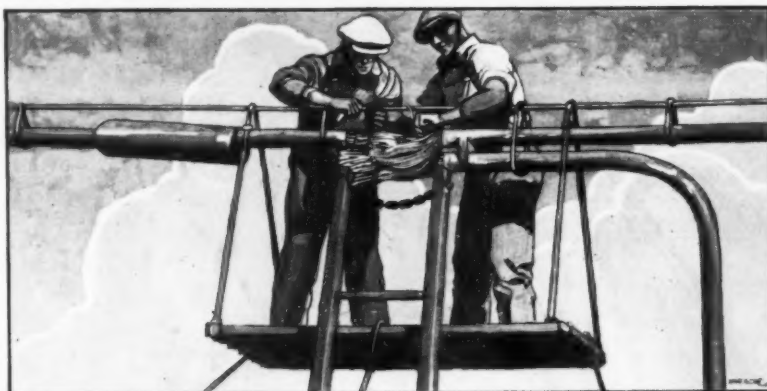
For twelve months she scraped the "sugar barrel" to throw money into the production. Crowds finally began to come. They are still coming—smiling even before they enter the theater; smiling, in anticipation of what the Georgia girl has written. And the critics? Well, they have taken it up too. One of them mentions Miss Nichols in the same paragraph with Shakespeare.

Do the English Dislike Americans?

Continued from page 29

"There is something about the romance of your Western States that appeals mightily to the average Englishman—and

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while I have been all through the West, we see more and know more about America through the 'movies' than it is possible to know or observe by a personal trip."

As Lt.-Col. Lawson insisted, "My first brief visit in 1919 only whetted a keen desire to see America again, and in 1923 and this year, I must say that every hour has been fruitful of results. American friends have kept me busy and always seem to direct the visitor's hours of pleasure and sight-seeing to some advantage.

"The Philadelphia Convention was an inspiration to every advertising man that attended. A Nation is known by the good products it sends and advertises to other nations and thus the interchange of merchandise builds up international friendship and respect.

The American "Thank You" League

Continued from page 30

thing," said Mr. Hays, "for you are aiding the world's two essential industries—preaching and teaching."

Poor organization, public parsimony and thoughtless disregard of the revenue given to teachers and preachers, he considered a menace. The picture told a graphic story of the most underpaid and unappreciated people in the world who are the vital force that determines the character of the people of tomorrow. Therefore the picture was one of the season's greatest contributions to a fine cause and the "American Thank You League" which sprung from it calls for in apologies—it was created to forward a noble purpose.

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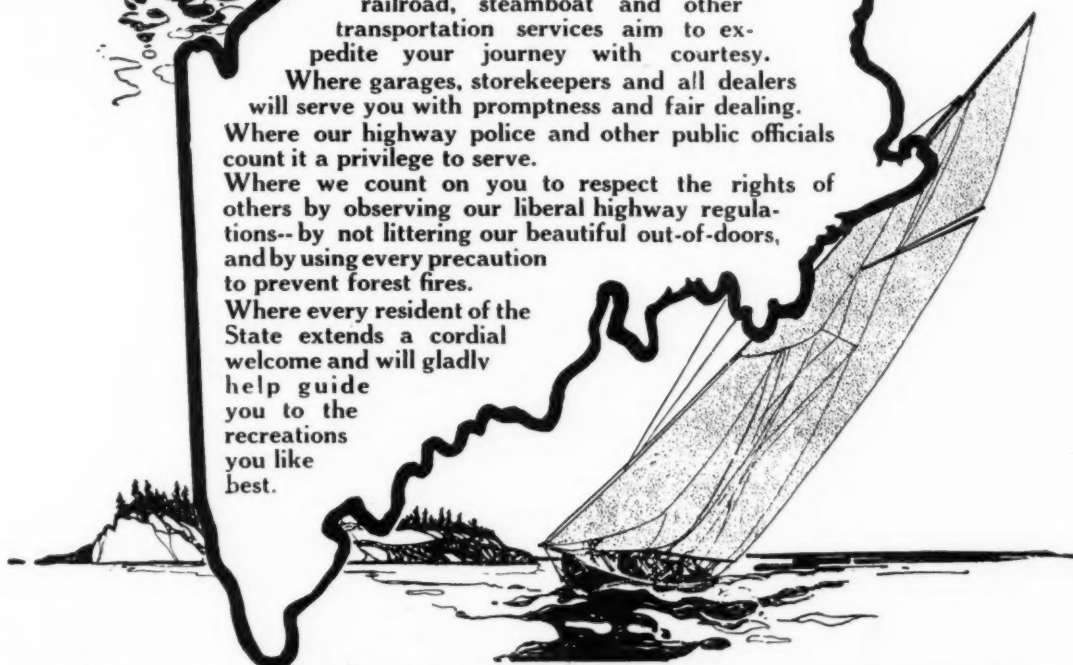
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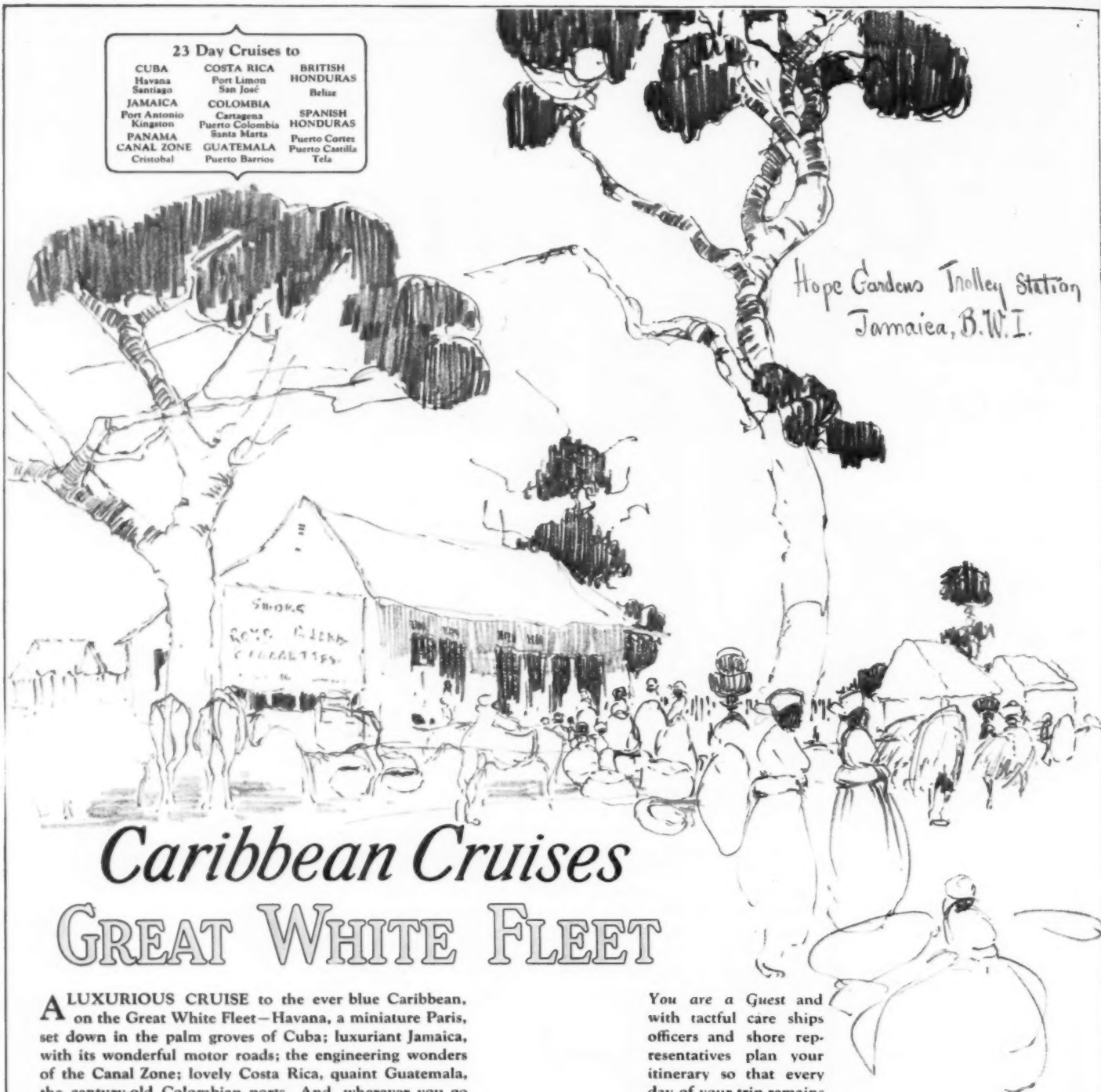
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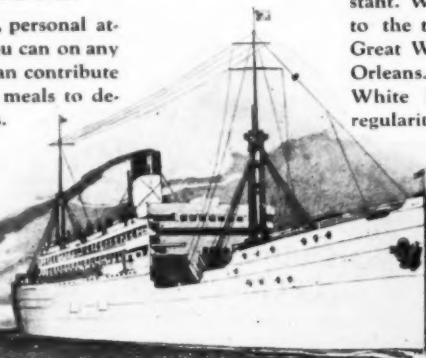
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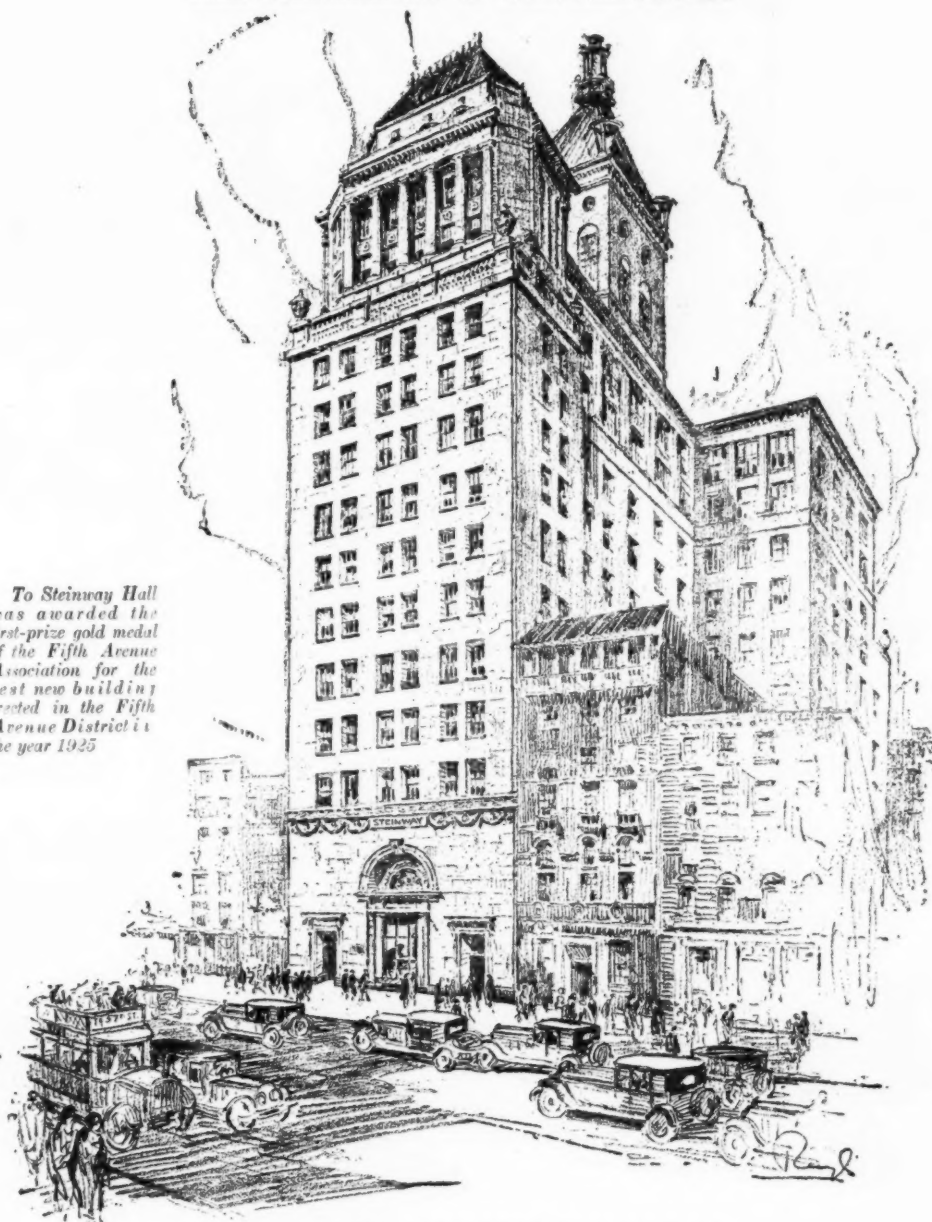
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How much these roads have helped to make us a nation of neighbors needs no repetition. But the means by which the cement industry made such roads possible are not so well known. Though only five times as many workers are employed, the production of cement has increased thirty times in the last quarter century. The lion's share of the work is not done by men but by electricity—its use has increased more than fifteen-fold.

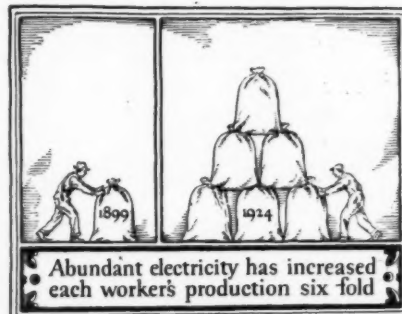
In other words, the harder, coarser tasks of cement making have been

shifted from the shoulders of men to the tireless shoulders of motors—a lasting economic gain.

There should be more industries of which a similar story might be told, for American business has found a way to accomplish the seemingly impossible—to pay the highest wage and still maintain the lowest costs. Through the applications of electricity, the productive power of each workman may be so increased that, single-handed, he out-works the old-time "gang" and receives more than the old-time foreman's wage.



The General Electric Company's monogram is found on the motors that run the grinders, weigh the cement and sew the sacks. As in so many other industries, these initials have helped men to see that electricity works at lowest cost in money and human strength.



GENERAL ELECTRIC